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THE
FORUM
AND · CENTURY

August

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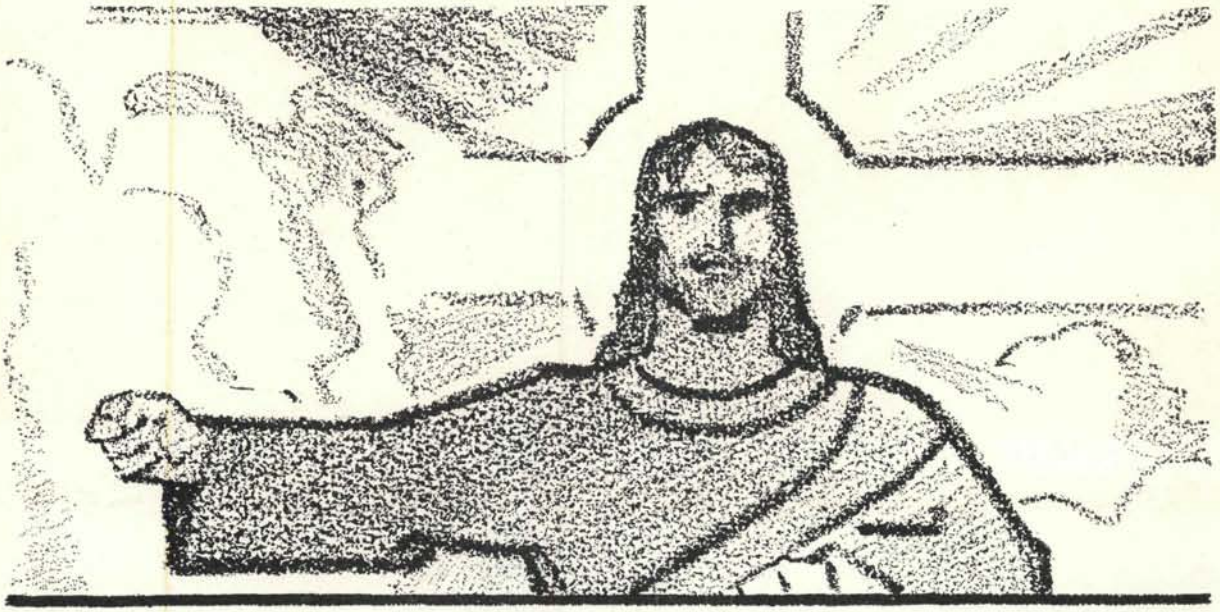
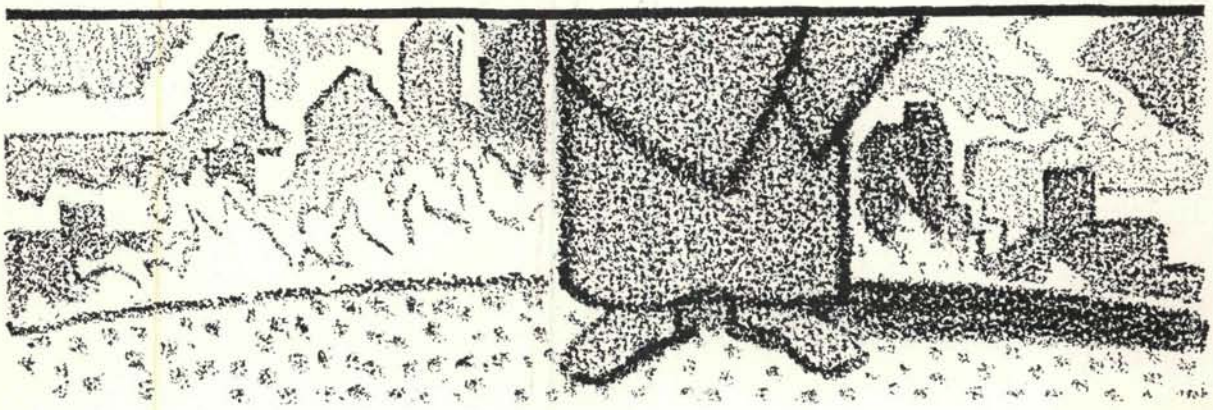


They said HE was "*impractical*"

He preached a Gospel which men called too idealistic.
He said: "Love your enemies."
Practical men have scoffed at His teaching. They have said:
"In a competitive world you must be armed to fight your enemies. That is the safe way, the inexpensive way."
Practical men made and ran the World War.
Do you know how much the World War cost?
Its total cost to all participants was equivalent to $20,000 *for every hour since Jesus of Nazareth was born.*
The next war will be far more costly. It will probably result in the wreck of civilization.
Practical men have had their way for many generations.
It would be worth while to try HIS way.
It couldn't be *more* expensive.



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THE
FORUM
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AUGUST, 1934 VOL. 92, NO. 2

YOUTH TURNS THE TIDE

Editorial Foreword

THE FORUM has been conducting a poetry contest in the colleges which has produced several surprises. The first surprise is the popularity of verse in the undergraduate world. A relatively small prize offer, quietly announced without advertising or ballyhoo of any sort, brought in competing verses from students in no less than two hundred and five colleges in forty-two states. The quality of the versification is distinctly superior to the undergraduate average of a generation ago and exhibits cool training as well as fine frenzy. These students know that a sonnet must have fourteen lines to be a sonnet, and they have studied Petrarch as well as Shakspere. Even when they write *vers libre* their efforts show definite form and rhythm.

Geographically, the students of the southern belt are subject to lyricism and melody. A young woman from Tennessee writes of Jonathan Swift,

> More strange than these, more strange and beautiful
> After the savage hatred of your laughter,
> To see your bitter lips, instead of scorn,
> Wearing a smile of weary tenderness.

To the Northwest (Oregon) and to the Northeast (New England) go the honors for reading illusion into scientific observation. Vermont seems to be producing poets as well as pickles. Five young women from the new college at Bennington, Vermont, sent in verse of real promise. Another incidental observation is the popularity of riming in institutions with a religious background, and their verse is likely to be secular. Sometime we shall have a similar contest for secondary schools, and you may find as good lyrics coming from Groton and other church schools as from Yale University. From one of the religious foundations, the College of Saint Teresa in Minnesota, as many as ten students entered the poetry contest. One of them wrote just four lines "To a Young Girl":

> Your hair is a golden sea;
> Your hands are songs unsung;
> Your eyes are caverns hung
> With veils of mystery.

From the College of Saint Catherine in the same state comes a haunting octave about the seasons.

II

A SECOND surprise in these baskets of college verse is that jazz — supposed to be so popular with American youth — is conspicuous by its absence. The verse in this competition is in general quiet and collected, and its flights of imagination are rhythmical and normal. A Pennsylvania youth, even in an erotic mood, can muse of "Still Waters":

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Do we love the less
That our love is quiet?
That we find heart-peace,
Though we miss heart-riot?

Another surprise offered by this national metrical contest is the absence of that much-heralded satirical attitude — the so-called Age of Iconoclasm — which overtook college youth after the World War. One wonders if they have stopped reading Mr. Henry L. Mencken altogether. Instead of sardonic irony we meet with cheer and hope and a creative state of mind. "We are alive again," is their refrain, "let us sing of the living." Or, as a Lafayette College man puts it in his "Advice to Poets,"

The dead are apart; concern yourself with life;
Sing among the quick, but resign the dead
To the subtle mysteries of Hippocrates and decay.

To which a Smith College girl replies,

Fling your hair
And swing.
Touch that gnarled limb
Up — up higher.
Birds fly like this
higher —

But happily the days of mawkish sentimentality which preceded the Age of Mencken and Masters have not returned. These students compose about sex in a clear-eyed and objective way, on the hard tennis court or in the chemical laboratory. Thus an Ohio co-ed addresses her admiring boy friend over the crucibles:

— "Let's try sulphuric, Bill.
Why must you day-dream now? At four this should
Be done." We finished it. And my words wait
Another chance, for I am hoping still.

No, these students of 1934, who have outlived both sentimentality and cynicism, still write about willow trees and the lovers' moon over the meadows; but their moon has no mushy tears in its eyes. These undergraduates observe minutely and joyfully the objects of illusion about them — a tortoise poised by the path, a pine tree towering against a barn, a low-swooping cloud, the emotions of motherhood, the psychology of athletic comradeship of both sexes, the folly rather than the glamour of war. They all seem to be up with the dawn, walking before breakfast.

And the final surprise is that these college poets have already forgotten the depression. One single poem — from Idaho — is about the search for a job, and the author sounds so sturdy and gay that I am sure he will find one without turning a hair, as soon as he gets out of college. These young men and women do not write consciously about politics or the New Deal, but a new security and sense of co-operation as well as initiative are implicit in their juvenile philosophy. They do not ask anything of life that they are not ready to put into it. They welcome instead of dreading the future. A senior in Miami University phrases it for them:

What shore is this, that rising through the spray,
Rears its cool peaks in splendour here for me? —
. . . . . .
Like some faint figure out of dreams I stand,
Viewing this shadowy port my heart has won.
Oh you, who crowd the harbor, look on me —
More than a tattered sail puts in from sea!

III

I AM not one who fears with those who are afraid that the New Deal in its regimenting is stifling American initiative. Our alleged rugged individualism has been largely a myth. Most of us have been the slaves of herd cowardice or of herd enthusiasm. In my day, college students asked of a new idea not "Is it *good?*" but "What do *they* think of it?" I believe that youth to-day is turning the tide to a new era of co-operation plus personal courage.

There is hope for America in such young people emerging lean and weatherbeaten from the depression. They do not complain, they do not berate society. Instead of cursing fate they are purposeful, ready either to adapt themselves to a friendlier social order or to reshape their environment masterfully to suit their own ideas. They are eager to follow Walt Whitman upon the open road:

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.
Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself am good fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

Henry Goddard Leach

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THE CHURCH MADE COMMUNISM

BY DAVID CARL COLONY

I CHARGE that the Church made communism. I insist that the Church can destroy it. The evidence follows.

In 1818 a mother held a new-born babe in her arms, an infant crying lustily — or so the mother thought. But she was wrong. That was no infant crying. That was young thunder — rolling, angry thunder, destined to gather volume for a century and more, threatening to shake, as it is doing even now, the very foundations of the Christian Church. In 1818 Karl Marx was born.

And in 1832, in the British House of Commons, was assembled the Committee on Factory Children's Labor. Before it appeared as a witness one Samuel Coulson, father of several small daughters. Mr. Coulson was being examined:

"At what time in the morning did your girls go to the mills?"

"In the brisk time, for about six weeks, they have gone at three o'clock in the morning and ended at ten, or nearly half past, at night."

"What interval was allowed for rest or refreshment during those nineteen hours of labor?"

"Breakfast a quarter of an hour, dinner half an hour and drinking a quarter of an hour."

"What was the length of time they could be in bed?"

"It was near eleven o'clock before we could get them to bed."

"So that they had not above four hours' sleep?"

"No, they had not."

"Were the children excessively fatigued by this?"

"Many times. We have cried often when we have given them the little victualling we had to give them. We had to shake them, and they have fallen to sleep with the victuals in their mouths many a time."

"Did the excessive term of labor occasion much cruelty also?"

"Yes, with being so very much fatigued the strap was very frequently used."

"Have any of your children been strapped?"

"Yes, every one."

"What was the wages in the short hours?"

"Three shillings a week each."

"When they wrought those very long hours what did they get?"

"Three shillings and sevenpence halfpenny."

"For all that additional labor they had only 7½d. additional?"

"No more."

"Could you dispose of their wages, when they had received them, as you wished?"

"They never said anything to me; but the children have said, 'If we do not bring some little from the shop I am afraid we shall lose our work.' And sometimes they used to bring a bit of sugar or some little oddment, generally of their own head."

"That is, they were expected to lay out part of their wages under the truck system?"

"Yes."

"Had your children any opportunity of sitting down during those long hours of labor?"

"No; they were in general, whether there was work for them to do or not, to move backwards and forwards till something came to their hands."

"At the time they worked those long hours, would it have been in their power to work a shorter number of hours, taking the three shillings?"

"No. They must either go on at the long hours, or else be turned off."

Of course such working conditions had a fearful physical effect on the children of England. Again a voice from the past speaks a damning indictment. Elizabeth Bentley was twenty-three when she was testifying before the same Committee.

"Where do you live?"

"At Leeds."

"What time did you begin to work at a factory?"

"When I was six years old."

"At whose factory did you work?"

"Mr. Busk's."

"What kind of a mill is it?"

"Flax-mill."

"What was your business in that mill?"

"I was a little doffer."

"What were your hours of labor in that mill?"

"From five in the morning till nine at night, when they were thronged."

"You are considerably deformed in person in consequence of this labor?"

"Yes, I am."

"At what time did it come on?"

"I was about thirteen years old when it began coming, and it has got worse since; it is five years since my mother died, and my mother was never able to get me a pair of good stays to hold me up, and

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when my mother died I had to do for myself, and got me a pair."

"Were you perfectly straight and healthy before you worked at a mill?"

"Yes. I was as straight a little girl as ever went up or down town."

"Were you straight until you were thirteen?"

"Yes, I was."

"Have you been attended to by any medical gentleman at Leeds or the neighborhood?"

"Yes, I have been under Mr. Hares."

"To what did he attribute it?"

"He said that it was owing to hard labor and working in the factories."

Meanwhile, Karl Marx was growing older, his vision clearer; thunder rolling over Europe, presaging a coming storm. But the lightning was not yet striking. The storm was still gathering fury behind the clouds of the future.

II

And what was the Church doing while such conditions prevailed? Those were the days when there was thriving in Yorkshire the famous Anti-Slavery Society, renowned for its religious enthusiasm, whose members were forever professing a zeal for temperance and reformation. They were ever striving to outrun their neighbors in missionary exertions and were most anxious to send the Bible to the farthest corners of the globe. But, to quote a letter from Richard Oastler in the October 16, 1830, issue of the *Leeds Mercury*,

> The very streets which receive the droppings of an "Anti-Slavery Society" are every morning wet with the tears of innocent victims at the accursed shrine of avarice. Thousands of little children, both male and female, but principally female, from seven to fourteen years, are daily compelled to labor from six in the morning to seven in the evening — Britons, blush while you read it — with only thirty minutes allowed for rest and recreation.

And while intelligent Englishmen cried for reform the Church was content with things as they were. Bishops and clergy furiously opposed the spirit of progress. This attitude aroused the anger of England. It was a time when men said of the clergy that there was "a black recruiting sergeant in every parish." There was great agitation among the lowly people of Britain. Angry crowds ominously whispered of rebellion. Men said that the Crown cared only for the comfort of those in high places, that Parliament was the servant of privilege; but it was the Church that caused the greatest bitterness. Once Saint Thomas of Canterbury had been the champion of the people. It was so no longer. Bishops were on the side of reaction, false to God and His Carpenter, traitors to British freedom. The Bishop of Bristol, for example. Death is the wages of treason, and the dwellings of traitors should be consigned to the flames. So muttering, the crowd descended upon the episcopal palace, burned it to the ground, with flames mixed of fire and hatred. It was the same all over England. In the very streets where once walked Saint Thomas men spied Archbishop Howley. They pointed at him in derision, they smirked their contempt of him, took up stones to throw at their own Archbishop.

And still thunder rumbled over Europe. But those in the seats of the mighty were unworried. Storming somewhere, they said, somewhere in the distance. It will go out to sea, like many another storm. And the lowly were too deafened by the sound of new machinery to hear anything but weariness pounding in their temples, bitterness mocking insistently within.

Karl Marx was growing older. Regardless of what men thought or didn't think, thunder rumbled over Europe.

III

For it was the misfortune of religion, if it really be misfortune, that Marx was born at a time when men had exchanged their humanity for industrial progress. Machinery was expensive, human life was cheap. Machinery was incapable of self-perpetuation. Thus, in the monotonously rhythmic noise of factories was drowned out the still, small voice, the voice of Jesus. Caught in the revolving wheels, broken and ground upon them was the essence of human personality, childhood's dreams and fancies, womanhood's urge for living. All the principles of social justice, of group morality handed down from Calvary were dropped as being opposed to the interests of good business. But before the teachings of Jesus were cast aside, the Church was careful to remove the Christian label from the old order of individual worth to the new one of group subservience to inanimate machinery.

And when Marx arrived on the scene all he could see was a set of inhuman working conditions prevailing over Europe. He was alert enough to know how highly the Nazarene

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Carpenter had regarded human personality, intelligent enough to see that the Church was studiously avoiding the trail which Jesus had broken, crafty enough to adopt the discarded Christian philosophy as his own and to give it a new name. It was a safe thing to do, since organized Christianity was most anxious to be done with the things of Christ, was glad to have it taken to the heart of someone who could be dubbed a rebel. Ever since that day, whenever thoughtful men raise the cry of "Back to Jesus," reactionary religionists make answer, "Communist"; and the clever reply receives the plaudits of the more-selfish capitalists, who sometimes show their gratitude to a subservient church.

But while Marx adopted in essence the social principles of Jesus, he was most anxious to dissociate himself from their Author. Being guilty of plagiarism, which is another name for thievery, Marx was most fearful lest men recognize the stolen article. Hence, he constantly reiterated that nothing good ever came out of Bethlehem. Knowing well the greatness of the heart of Christ, he could see only a wealthy religious organization, possessed of a shriveled little soul, preaching happiness in the world to come while permitting misery to flourish on the earth. Yet the Church was insisting that she alone was serving God and was playing right into the hands of Marx. If that be God, he said, he would have none of Him or of His professed disciples. Such things as were had no right to be. Socialism would do battle against them. We trust that Marx had the good grace, on the quiet, of course, to thank Jesus for supplying a fine, ready-made philosophy.

It should be stressed that, if the Church had, in the nineteen hundreds, hewn more closely to the rock of Christian charity; if religion had remained more faithful to its job of caring for the widows and the orphans and the stranger within the gate; if Church leaders had courageously and persistently clamored for social justice, communism could never have come to pass. And even to-day, if Christians would take back what is rightfully theirs, the heritage of Jesus, communism would collapse like any lifeless figure, like any toy balloon when the breath of life is suffered to escape from within it.

Communism has for its cardinal principle

A Soviet anti-religion poster

Above: *Love one another.* Below: *They swear by Christ and make things go with a whip.*

the doctrine of collectivism, the purpose of which is to give all men a just share of a fuller life. The doctrine, all right-minded communists will admit, is secondary to the purpose. And the purpose, we insist, has been plagiarized from Christianity. Communism wants for all men an opportunity for honest labor. Long before Marx, Christ protested against men standing all the day idle in the market place. Marxism wants disease and hunger banished. Christ healed the sick and fed the hungry. Jesus insisted, long before Marx was begotten, that the laborer was worthy of his hire.

IV

SINCE THERE are those in our midst, like Doctors Lowell and Butler and Mr. Elihu Root, who even to-day object to constitutional abolition of child labor, it is not amiss here to point out that child labor was only one of the evils against which the Church failed to do battle in the Name of Christ and against which Marx raised the banner of communism.

The position of women and girls in the mines,

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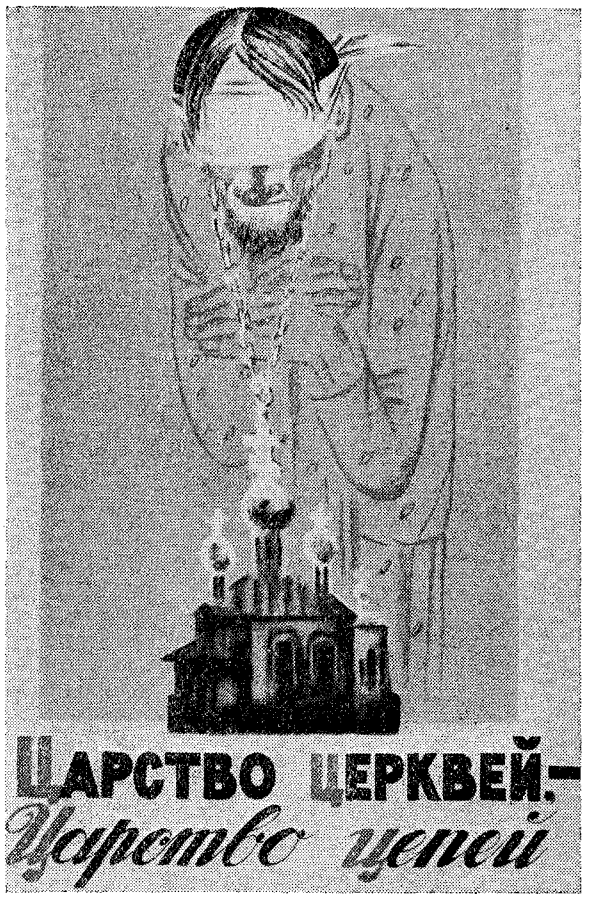

The reign of the Church is a reign of chains.

for example, was pitiful. In the many collieries of West Yorkshire there was as late as 1842 no distinction of sex. An official report reads:

> The labor is distributed indifferently among both sexes, excepting that it is comparatively rare for the women to hew or get the coals, although there are numerous instances in which they regularly perform even this work. In great numbers of the coal-pits in this district the men work in a state of perfect nakedness and are in this state assisted in their labor by females of all ages, from girls of six years old to women of twenty-one, these females being themselves quite naked to the waist.

And another official report made by a subcommissioner states:

> Girls regularly perform all the various offices of trapping, hurrying, filling, riddling, tipping, and occasionally getting, just as they are performed by boys. One of the most disgusting sights I have ever seen was that of young females, dressed like boys in trousers, crawling on all fours, with belts round their waists and chains passing between their legs, at day pits at Hunshelf Bank and in many small pits near Holmfrith and New Mills. I visited the Hunshelf colliery on the 18th of January. It is a day pit; that is, there is no shaft or descent. The gate was not more than a yard high and in some places not above two feet. When I arrived at the workings of the pit I found a young woman picking down coal with the regular pick used by the men. The place where she was at work was not two feet high.

Nor was the lot of men much better. Their pay, in all fields of work, was so meager that they were compelled to send their little children into the mines and mills to eke out the very necessities of life. Sporadic attempts were made at organization for the purpose of collective bargaining. But even as late as 1800 the Church, which was and is a part of the State, permitted the passage of the infamous Combination Laws. These made it a criminal offense to negotiate contracts for

> obtaining advances of wages, altering the usual time of working, decreasing the quantity of the work

— an offense punishable by imprisonment and hard labor.

For twenty-four years the iniquitous statute was allowed to remain the law of the land. And even after its repeal it was a very simple matter to convict an agitator for Christian living conditions for

> threats towards another on account of his not complying with any rules or regulations made to obtain an advance in wages.

And while the shame of the Church cried to heaven, the non-conformist chapels were little if any better in seeking to ameliorate the living conditions of the common man. They taught obedience, humility. They insisted that "the meek shall inherit the earth." They failed to grasp the true meaning of humility, which is merely an acknowledgment of the supremacy of God and the realization that no man can live to himself alone. And they, together with the Church of England, richly deserved the scathing denunciation of Karl Marx:

> The social principles of Christianity preach cowardice, self-contempt, abasement, submission, humility . . . but the proletariat, which will not allow itself to be treated as *canaille*, regards its courage, self-confidence, independence and sense of personal dignity as more necessary than its daily bread.
>
> The social principles of Christianity are mealy-mouthed; those of the proletariat are revolutionary.

Of course Marx was wrong. He wasn't speaking about Christianity at all. He was speaking only of what organized ecclesiasticism had caused religion to seem to be. Real Christianity was, and is, comparatively unknown. But, known or not, Jesus lives.

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The tragedy was that it was the Church, by which is meant all organized religion, which hid the face of God from thoughtful men. And what was popularly passed around as the image of the mind of Christ compelled Marx to exclaim, "There is no God."

V

But, if the Church, because of selfishness mixed with tragic blindness, caused communism to be, she can by a single act of courage destroy Marxism entirely. All that is necessary to accomplish this is a united Christendom. Your knowing smile is a little premature, for I am not speaking of doctrinal unity. Intercommunion must come soon or late, or the cause of religion is forever lost. Nevertheless, intercommunion must wait. For when men are hungry they care little whether the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father *and* the Son or *through* the Son. If Christian bodies, however, have anything at all in common, they should be able to agree upon a catholic system of social moral theology. To attain it, the Baptist must needs be ready to break bread with the Episcopalian, the Methodist with the Roman Catholic. They must gather about the round table and agree upon a minimum set of definitions for social and economic goodness. They must proclaim an acceptable level of human living conditions below which no man should be required to descend. A just share of the world's goods for employer and employee alike will make it unnecessary for any man to go beyond and defraud his brother. Fully aware that individual bodies, such as the Federal Council of Churches, are a right beginning in that direction, I cannot help but feel that such bodies are but tilting at the windmills. All Christendom must unite, or our words are vain, leading to no good works.

We must return to the old system of Church Councils.

Perhaps a verbal photograph will make my meaning clearer.

New York. In the cathedral, above the Tabernacle of the High Altar, the sanctuary light flickers gently. Men are passing by on the way to the clergy house for an important gathering. Some reverently genuflect in passing; some bow their heads grudgingly, almost against their will; some walk erectly by. Faces are dim in the evening shadows; steps sound ghostly. But in the meeting room it is almost as if each man wore a label to identify him. That one with the pipe is obviously an Episcopalian. The white neckties set the Protestants apart. He with cassock and biretta is obviously at home, child of Rome, dutiful son of the Holy Father. The chairman, a portly Presbyterian, calls the meeting to order.

"Those who are here with authority to act in the name of their church. . . ." Certain of the group stand, take a few paces forward. The others, serving in advisory capacities, remain in the background. There is a quiet prayer, and the meeting begins. There is subdued, earnest discussion. Every now and then the Roman priest, sensing the tenseness of a moment, rises and walks over to the center wall, stands facing a silver crucifix, saying nothing. The others look, too. They understand; they are being gently reminded that their deliberations must follow the leading of a Cross wherein no self-interest can abide. The priest returns. There is more deliberation. Then —

"Are we agreed?" the chairman queries.

"We are."

"In the Name of God, the Redeemer?"

"In His Name."

"Be it so, then."

"Amen."

Through all the years of tragic and shameful division in Christianity, the more kindly and reasonable schismatics have insisted that they were seeking only a better method of entering upon life eternal. And even the most fanatical have never denied that the purpose of all professing Christians was the same — the attainment of ultimate union with God. If there be any sincerity in these claims, there should be no difficulty in arriving at some common denominator of earthly morality in some such fashion as outlined above.

And there would be no escape for the selfish. Men would be unable to transfer their allegiance from one religious body to another and thus escape retribution, since in social relationships, at least, all Christendom would be a unit. And a man excommunicated would be a lonely man, a man without purpose in the world, a life without meaning. For excommunication would mean not only that he was cut off from sacramental contact with the

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Infinite, but it would be a definite command to all the faithful to cease all manner of intercourse with him — social, business, or any other kind.

And I make bold to name the men from whom the call for such a council should emanate, since they would speak with the voice of authority: Patrick, Cardinal Hayes; Bishop Perry; Harry Emerson Fosdick; and Rabbi Stephen Wise.

VI

BEFORE machinery began to choke the human soul, religion was a part of every human activity. Industrialists, however, have early found it convenient to preach a new dogma. Religion, they said, should concern itself with religion and nothing more. It must especially stay out of the field of economics. "Business is business." And God, they implied, was a poor business man. Thus throughout the nineteenth century and into the twentieth they have carried their deadly slogan. A hundred years ago men were too feverishly busy keeping step with the advance of the machine to see that they had been robbed of their God. Only Karl Marx and his associates sensed the dastardly emasculation of religion. They knew, however, that the pangs of hunger will make a man angry much more rapidly than a pained spirit. In fact, until the animal within us is at peace, the soul asserts itself hardly at all. The Salvation Army will attest to this. Thus it was that Marx cried out against greed and selfishness, against hunger and oppression, against children in the factories and women in the mines, against the wealthy in their mansions and the humble in their slums. He blazed in anger; and his fire was the more deadly, since he charged the guardians of men's souls with complicity in the plot to destroy men's bodies, to sell humanity out to a mechanized universe.

Always before, religion for good or ill has emerged triumphant from any struggle which engaged it. Marx was contemptuously ignored. Communism, it was said, was fashioned of bitterness and unreality. It could have no important part in life's drama. True, thunder was rolling over Europe, spreading to America. Here and there the lightning flashed. Here and there the lightning struck. But still the leaders of men were unworried. A summer shower, they said. It would pass quickly. But, when 1914 came and the clouds above were red with the reflection of human bloodshed on the earth, when the lightning struck in Russia on that fateful October day, driving God out of His temple, placing all religion on the defensive for the first time in history, terror seized the hearts of men. For the first time since the Industrial Revolution religion has realized that by tacitly approving, for a century and more, the conditions against which communism rebels it has come perilously close to crucifying Christ anew, dangerously near to causing mankind to lose its precious soul. The cry has gone up, "We must combat communism."

Christian leaders are freely admitting that the issue has been joined. Christ and immortality or Marx and sheer animalism. Who is on the Lord's side? And the answer is, of course, all humanity. Men desire comfort for their bodies, but it is a secondary desire signifying the presence of a greater urge. Bodily comforts can be attained only by a just redistribution of wealth. The Church must take a hand in that process. The minister must become a battling economist. Not because men's bodies are in themselves of supreme importance, but because only when physical needs are satisfied can the souls of men grow, can the things of the spirit flourish. The less concern men need have for the things of the flesh, the more they can cultivate the things of the spirit.

And I charge that unless Christendom, regardless of dogmatic creed, unites upon a uniform system of social reform, we shall have strayed from God's ways like lost sheep. We shall *be* lost sheep. There will be no health in us. There will ultimately be no life in us.

Ye cardinals and archbishops, bishops, priests, and rabbis, ministers and all who call upon the Name of the Most Holy, let us stir to action. Let us take back from the Marxists the precious heritage of Jesus; let us empty communism of that which they have stolen from us in our unworthy moments — God's concern for a fuller life here preceding the perfect life in the world to come. Let there be, for employer and employee alike, mansions in the Kingdom of the Blessed. But, let there be, too, for both alike, modest mansions here on God's green earth.

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MASTERS OF USE

The Hope of Consumers

BY LEWIS A. RILEY

In a previous essay (July Forum) we offered in some detail a diagnosis of our present economic breakdown. We propose now to deal with the possibility of a permanent restoration of the economic balance between Maker and User.

Before we proceed with our discussion of the Use function in economic society, we propose to offer a brief summary of two important points in our previous essay: first, the effect on the volume of trade and on the consumer of a "boom" period of excessive profit expansion, and, second, the relationship between the present position of organized labor and that policy which we now suggest as being more powerful and self-reliant.

Most of us — even many of our financial experts — seem unaware of certain fundamental facts that underlie an expansion-depression swing. We appear to take for granted that in the boom years from 1923 to 1929 worker payrolls and salaries and the national scale of living rose to great heights. This was not the case however. Taking 1923 as the basis of comparison (as normal 100 per cent), the total purchasing power of wages and salaries increased up to 1929 *only four per cent.*

The total volume of trade increased only four per cent during this same period. On the other hand the total purchasing power of interest and dividends (1923 as normal) increased in this same period by 160 per cent.

The Masters of Make almost tripled the normal increase in industrial equipment and productive investment. They had a gambling orgy and a production expansion that, as we look back on it, was almost insane. But it did not expand normal trade nor mass purchasing power nor the national scale of living even at the peak of its frenzy.

We must constantly remind ourselves that wealth is a living relationship and not an inert thing which takes the form of gold in banks, property on street corners, or goods in warehouses. Wealth, like all other human values, is not confined in petrified matter; it is a balanced process of Make-Use.

The basic intentions of Maker and User are opposed and at the same instant co-operative. Their true relationship might well be expressed as a co-oppositional partnership. When one partner fails or weakens in maintaining his half of this co-opposition, wealth automatically is destroyed.

It was therefore a tragic destruction of real wealth which occurred when the Makers from 1925 to 1933 withdrew excessive gold and credit money from the wage stream, and thus weakened their Use partners. The Masters of Make had no real investment use for the twenty billions of fool's gold that they withdrew: their servants of Use, on the other hand, needed it desperately to maintain their mass purchasing power and their standard of life. Unfortunately the acquisitive instincts of our Makers were passionately set upon this false conception of the unlimited nature of profit. They heaped up extra dividends, corporation surpluses, and vast edifices of machinery and productive equipment. They gave no heed to the lagging power of the consumer-workers to buy and use the products of this enormously expanding productive system.

Let us conclude this review of the producer-consumer unbalance by answering with brevity the question: What has the New Deal accomplished so far to rescue the ruined consumer-workers?

In the first nine months of our New Deal, not only has the intense determination of the administration to lift mass purchasing power in relation to productive energy failed, but the disaster of the opposite swing has re-established itself: profits have risen; mass purchasing

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power has fallen. Where, we ask ourselves, have the billions of dollars gone which were appropriated by our government for consumer rehabilitation? How long can final collapse of our economic society be avoided? How long will our consumer-workers submit to this progressive debasement?

This leads us to our second question in review — the position of organized labor. Aside from government effort through the NRA, PWA, and AAA, the consumers have had but one hope. Organized labor's effort to lift the wages and salaries of the United States appeared as the only possible effort on a national scale which could rescue consumption. Nevertheless our anxiety deepens as we look forward to the bloody and exhausting struggle with the employers of the nation which must occur before such a plan can succeed. We appeal to labor now to consider with clear heads that this battle to which it is addressing itself in desperation is a hopeless one and that as a body of consumer-workers it can reform in a stronger position which offers it fruits of a greater and more permanent victory. Let us therefore state briefly and concretely the relation between what we propose for the consumer-workers and the present effort of the labor unions.

II

Organized labor's effort to increase the mass purchasing power by increasing industrial payrolls is too easily defeated by the counter-effort of scientific industry to decrease the total amount of gainful toil. Labor in its desperation in this losing fight is being driven into the self-stultifying position of opposing the labor-saving efforts of inventive genius. Its whole attitude is thus rendered false and tragically unwise. It is being forced to play the rôle of a mass of slaves who resist their release from slave labor. It cannot extricate itself from this dilemma until it joins forces with the consumers and secures control of the mass purchase of all those necessities which it requires to live.

The Masters of Use will not fear the reduction of toil by science. They will welcome gladly every advance in industrial efficiency, no matter how that advance may cut total payrolls, because they propose to finance the workers and consumers of the nation on something quite independent of payrolls. They propose boldly to take over the management of consumption, not production, take over the control of the distribution of goods and the centralized purchase of goods and the ownership of consumption property, not production property, and so manage these affairs as to provide a control over price and a yield of consumer dividends or usage surpluses which will support the Use half of wealth without basic dependence upon the decreasing number of workers which industry requires. They do not propose to recklessly abandon wages and salaries to the mercy of the profit motive, however. A high scale of wages and salaries will always be a most important auxiliary, requiring consumer-worker defense and support.

The consumer-workers propose in other words to secure for themselves consumption tools and property as a balance to productive property. They propose to offset production profits by consumer usage. They furthermore propose to take a vital part in the determination of a fair price, using the bargaining power of monopolized purchase organization against the monopolized power of the entrenched Masters of Make. They do not propose to make their usage dividends nor their purchase bargaining power basically dependent upon the scale of such a shrinking commodity as manual toil. The workers have been caught in that trap once.

The constructive side of our proposal lies now before us. There are certain fundamental and abstract principles which we propose to invoke and which we must perforce lay before the reader. We cannot offer the possibility of establishing a new relationship of classes or forces in our modern society without establishing certain elemental ideas on which all human values and relationships depend.

Both the producer and the consumer need to realize that healthy and vigorous oppositions of self-interest are the basis of permanence and stability in human society. It is not easy to make this idea of opposition appear in its healthy and creative light. The stability, the very actuality of all nature depends on what we might call a creative conflict or a co-operative opposition.

The idea of opposition and of conflict is too often associated in our minds with destruction and chaos. We forget that all of our practical science is based upon creative opposi-

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tions. That such a conflict between the Masters of Make and the Masters of Use should be clear-cut and truly co-operative requires that the Makers be free to manage production and finance it soundly without interference by the workers or Users and that on the other hand the Users shall be free to manage their function of consumption and finance it vigorously without internal interference by the Makers. This condition does not exist to-day. Labor is to-day engaged in a struggle to secure partial control of production and is neglecting to establish its own sound and quite separate function of consumption.

In seeking to establish a stable co-operative society we must therefore consider what enduring forces can logically enter in such a co-operative resistance. If we organize these forces wisely we will establish a dynamic equilibrium in which each element of the opposition will be able to work for its own self-interest without stultifying itself with unwise interference in its partner's affairs and without reducing its co-operative opponent to zero or slavery.

Man's historical record is strewn with the fragments of "totalitarian" or absolute systems of government, which lacked such creative checks upon their own egocentric force. The reason for their failure is not local or accidental but inherent and universal. Living and growing consist of a series of trial-and-error adjustments between a selfish effort and its limiting and corrective resistance. A lack of ego force in an individual or in a social group is death; the lack of a co-operative opposition is equally destructive.

We do not need to seek far to find the natural and inevitable oppositions of economic life. Wealth as we have shown is a natural balance between Make and Use. The Maker creates; the User destroys. Neither can in reality prosper at the expense of the other. There is no such inherent logic and natural balance in the oppositions of labor and capital, between employer and employee.

III

The NRA code hearings at Washington have offered many of our citizens their first clear understanding that American industry is forced, in the name of legal competition, to exploit the worker; senselessly duplicate its manufacturing and sales facilities; and ruinously waste the nation's resources. These evils of cutthroat competition are the price we pay for preventing productive monopoly. The more rational method to prevent producer despotism would be to balance a centralized production management with an organized consumption control. It does not seem possible, short of another "absolute" governmental experiment (either fascist or communist), to establish centralized management of production unless we balance it with a centralized management of Use. Social justice, economic stability, and our democratic experience with bi-partisan government all point to some reasonable but unshakable authority of the consumer-workers over their half of the national wealth.

Why should not the consumer-workers take over the management, the mutual ownership, of all wholesale purchase and distribution of consumer goods? Why should they not establish their own mutual investment trusts or banks and devote the proceeds of consumer-worker savings to buying and building "mutual" warehouses and storage and distribution systems. They would need also to undertake the construction and operation of great Use engineering research and testing laboratories and issue Use specifications and Use standards for all consumption goods. The present enormous expense and false ballyhoo of our advertising campaigns have lost all semblance of social value. These could all be replaced by brief, explicit consumer publications which rated goods and services by scientific tests which clearly demonstrated their Use values.

No one who has had intimate connection with the engineering phases of industry can have failed to observe that many inventions, processes, and products which promise great value to the consumers are neglected and even deliberately suppressed because they offer no increase in profit. It is plain, therefore, that scientific research and engineering experiment in the interest of the User might develop enormous benefits to society not now practicable. The truth is that the normal, sane relationships of economic life are distorted by our present overemphasis on profit. The consumers, who are now the victims of production for profit, need to establish themselves as the united customers of production for Use.

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There is good reason, moreover, why the savings of the consumer-workers should not be invested in productive facilities, as they are at present. Such investments, ironically enough, use the very strength of the victims to forge their chains tighter. A strange sight indeed! The consumer-workers devoting their savings to strengthening productive profits and reducing wage costs! It would be more just and rational to provide for consumer savings a safe property investment which would tend to increase basic purchasing power by offering the consumer a method of controlling demand and influencing the ultimate cost of products. Thereafter, as wages tended to shrink, they could be supplemented by a consumer "usage" dividend which could be drawn from the distributive operations which the consumer-workers will then "own."

IV

WHAT IS NEEDED is a sure and steady method of financing the consumer-workers' purchasing power. The justice and stability of the method depend upon its being put beyond the control of those whose interest it is to expand profits. Nevertheless, when we put the control of purchasing power and usage surpluses into the consumers' hands we will find ourselves out of the frying pan into the fire unless we offer the producer-owners a corresponding control over the other, or productive, half of wealth. We will not seek to establish a new tyranny of another social group if we are wise. There is no sound reason to believe that the proletarian or manually skilled sections of society are wiser, more honest, more self-controlled than any other groups. If we proceed to found a new economy on any such romantic idea, it will be likely to end in another form of exploitation. Social stability as well as practical justice, is not obtained by the preponderance of one group or the despotic power of one self-perpetuating leadership in whose wisdom and charity society finds its helpless safety. Such an idea of dynamic equilibrium in which one absolute force limits its own egoism and corrects its own errors has been the delusion of all the ancient forms of tyranny.

The producers, therefore, should be relieved of monopolistic restrictions and given control over production output, the supply of their own raw materials, and industrial power and fuel. Such a program does not imply the abandonment of the small producers to absorption or exploitation, but it does suggest an abandonment by them of their false freedom to bargain, which at present uses the necessity of a few to reduce all to poverty. The establishment of a fair price and the division of income between producers and consumers would thereafter become a practical adjustment between two bargainers (rather than fifty million), one of whom controlled the physical sources of supply and the other the available channels of demand. That it should be a fair bargain would require that ample consumer reserves should be established; also possibly that the basic necessities of food, water, light, transportation, and communications should be government-regulated, so that a productive strike by the Makers could threaten the conveniences but not the lives of the Users.

Such a concentrated division of economic authority between Maker and User would so plainly expose the national issues of the production-consumption balance and offer penalties for failure to co-operate so immediate and drastic that it would tend to eliminate all useless hypocrisies and legal manipulations and enforce a reasonable working partnership.

In our proposed co-oppositional economy, consumption goods in the process of distribution would pass directly through the hands of the consumer's own agents. Any toll which these agents levied on products would thus appear as an element in operating costs, just as natural and justifiable an element as the producer's profit. Such consumer handling charges could not be represented as an unendurable tax burden levied to keep a parasite class in idleness, unless of course the same argument applied to profits.

V

IF THE CONSUMER-WORKERS, as a mutually acting group, could thus secure ownership control over "consumption investment" and its resulting property, they would establish a practical business identity and financial solidarity which no theoretical social legislation or government regulation could ever hope to give them. Consumer credit is indeed essential, but such credit needs to be symbolized and but-

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tressed by solid property tokens. Ownership of social tools is itself no more than a directive control; ownership is another name for the power to manage; to own is to rule. We cannot give the consumer-workers effective rule over consumption unless they establish an actual ownership of consumption tools and property. We cannot ensure the workers human rights until we give them property rights. Unsupported human rights have a disappointing habit of translating themselves into human servitudes. We must not attempt to petrify a dynamic social balance into property but we must give both partners in this living interplay social and financial tools approximately equal in efficiency.

Consumer ownership would thus balance property with property, production profit with consumer usage and, reorganizing our political fronts, give to bi-partisan government a reality of oppositions and policies which these present vague and aimless divisions lack. There is little perceptible difference of principle to-day between a Republican and Democrat. Neither party seems capable of offering a platform lure which the other party might not have proposed if it had thought of it first.

All that we have suggested so far is a social mechanism which at its best can only maintain and diversify the revolution of change in a material universe. We must realize that no matter how we elaborate this kaleidoscopic shift of an expanding luxury and leisure it does not offer man's creative urgencies an escape from the monotonous repetition of the desire-satisfaction squirrel cage.

We hold that there is a greater movement of the whole man which includes this material cycle yet surpasses it. We maintain that the source of that movement lies outside this essentially deterministic cycle of our animal. It lies indeed outside logical justification but not outside the intuitive grasp of the spirit.

We face in the future the problems of an expanding leisure. We, the common men who form the mass of society, face the great moment of our emancipation. We are about to secure for ourselves the freedom to create not merely the stuff that our animal needs to continue its appetites but the freedom to create those values which are immortal and imperishable.

Of such things it may be said truly that the more we give the more we receive.

For many generations the effort of man's ego both in the individual and in the mass of his society has been centripetal and introverted. While the scope of his physical pleasures has expanded, so in equal degree have the limits of his spirit narrowed into an intense passion to "get."

Yet in the larger sense our gettings are but the raw material of our forth-givings. In tragic neglect of this great truth, man's nature has tended to turn itself into a stagnant pool of mere accumulation. Our acquisitive instinct, unrelieved by an outlet of creative giving, has developed into an egocentric prison of the spirit.

Animated largely by this acquisitive passion, our expanding leisure in this age of scientific plenty has produced a wealth of animal satisfactions (now fallen into ruin) and beside that only an obvious decay in religion, art, literature, and social organization.

One thing seems certain: our race is not yet spent; its vitality is not exhausted. Out of our present ruin will emerge new and nobler patterns of conduct and new dynamic forms of creative expression and "ego-spansive" forth-giving. There is to-day a new social order, a new economic system in gestation. We cannot yet predict its eventualities but we feel that passion of its necessity, the despair of its delay. We know only that the enormous forces released by science and industry must soon be controlled and utilized or they will destroy civilization. The present bewilderment among our leaders, the moral and material disasters which every few years overwhelm the great mass of our people, the wastes of human energy and natural resources which are cynically utilized by a few for their own benefit year by year grow greater and less endurable. Evolution or revolution, one or the other, is about to present our stubborn conservatism with radical change.

With the courage of a faith that knows the strength of enormous vitality and the passion to create new forms of life, we need not look forward to this change with either despair or fear. Out of our present confusion, misery, and desperation will arise a nobler civilization and a rededication to immortal purpose.

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THE DEATH LOBBY

A Debate on Birth Control

A Priest Denounces

BY EDWARD ROBERTS MOORE

On Capitol Hill at Washington the President of the United States is fighting day and night to keep the nation alive. Not very far away from the Capitol is the headquarters of an organization that labors for its death. Curious, isn't it? Yet true.

Not so many years ago voluble prophets of evil were crying in the market places that soon there would be too many people in the world. One Ross wrote a book, which he called *Standing Room Only*, in which he described the horrible scenes, soon to be enacted, when only the strong would survive in the struggle for bread. If you can find a copy of it now — it was avidly seized upon in its day by manufacturers of contraceptives and other unselfish advocates of the new freedom — read it for a bedtime story some night or use it as a bogey to frighten the children. Because it really should not be taken too seriously, what with surplus crops being burned, surplus cotton being plowed under, and surplus pigs being slaughtered. Professor Ross was just a big, bad wolf!

But I was nearly forgetting what brought all this on. Down in Washington a highly articulate group of patriots is working hard to make it legal to sell more and better contraceptives. That will mean that there will soon be plenty of room in the United States, for there will be fewer and fewer people. Of course, this has its good points, too, for in the end it will do away with the very people who are setting up roadside slot machines to peddle contraceptives instead of chewing gum to schoolchildren.

But it will have done away with a lot of other things first, including the schoolchildren! And don't think that I'm fooling. The two-child family is being set up as the American ideal. Let us see what happens to a nation where this patriotic notion holds sway. Says Dr. Friedrich Burgdörfer in the April 10, 1931, issue of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung:*

> A population in which the two-child system prevails and in which consequently there are but two children on the average surviving to each marriage, is condemned to extinction. Such a population will rapidly decline from generation to generation, that is, over successive periods of thirty years . . . . A thousand people among whom the two-child system rules will shrink in the first thirty years to 621. In sixty years there will be but 386; in ninety years 240; in one hundred and twenty years 149; in one hundred and fifty years there will be but 8 persons to replace the original thousand. Practically speaking, therefore, the two-child system leads to the extinction of a population in three hundred years!

In the light of this statement, is "The Death Lobby" too strong a term to apply to the vociferous group at Washington which advocates birth-control legislation?

More and more people are coming to recognize the danger, and seriously to be alarmed thereby. Dr. Louis I. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, recently made the statement that

> the birth-control movement will have much to answer for unless it can square its account with the American people by emphasizing at this very time the need for correctives of its own activities in earlier years. It has placed bundles of dynamite all over the country. It is now high time that it began to bring them back, or at least to remove the fuses.

And no one speaks with more authority than Dr. Dublin.

More striking still is Dr. O. E. Baker's comment on the same situation. Dr. Baker is Senior Agricultural Economist of the United States Department of Agriculture. On December 13 he spoke over the radio on "The Population Prospect." Do you know what he said?

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> In 1933 there will have been about 600,000 fewer children born [in the United States] than there were in 1921. . . . Moreover, there is no sign that the decline in the birth rate is slowing up. *And already there are not enough children being born to maintain the present population permanently.*

Interesting, isn't it?

But that was not all:

> Slowly the number of deaths will increase, while the number of births seems likely to decrease for some time to come. Probably twenty to twenty-five years hence, births and deaths will balance. This balance may last for a few years, resulting in a stationary population. Afterward, deaths will exceed births, unless the birth rate rises, or the restrictions on immigration are relaxed. When this occurs the population of the nation will begin to decline.

Perhaps you think this might not be a bad thing. But what does Dr. Baker think?

> After the decline sets in, there may develop a movement of religious intensity directed toward the preservation of the family, the nation, and the race. To be a parent of healthy children may afford as much social prestige as to be the owner of a high-priced automobile or of over-stuffed furniture. It is possible that this change in ideals and in estimates of things worth while may develop before the decline in population actually sets in. *Let us hope so, for a declining population will have very serious economic, psychological, and biological consequences.*

Dr. Baker's measured judgment is shared by all true students of population trends and their consequences.

Not long ago the Committee on Social Trends published the report of a study made at the request of President Hoover. The report was written by Warren S. Thompson and P. K. Whelpton and published by the McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. It bears testimony to the rapidly declining birth rate, a phenomenon which it attributes to birth control and which it suggests as a contributing cause of the depression. This conclusion is in precise accord with the findings of the Committee on Population Decline and Related Problems of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, of which I have been Chairman since its establishment in 1929. Both these facts — the declining population and the tragic consequence of this decline — are becoming so evident that Professor Ross and his school of overpopulationists have gone into hiding.

Population and Prosperity

Let us consider for a moment how the one flows from the other: What makes for prosperity? When are *you* prosperous? Reduced to the simplest formula, is not this the answer? *You* are prosperous when you have something to sell and there is someone to buy it from you. It makes no difference what it is you have to sell, be it farm produce or groceries or a corner lot or space in a building or personal service: if there is someone to buy it, you are prosperous; if not, for you there is a depression. And if more and more people wish to buy what you have to sell you become more and more prosperous, while if fewer and fewer are interested in your wares you sink deeper and deeper into the toils of depression and the slough of despond. Can there be any question of that? With all the variables that affect price and profit, involving as they do the intricacies of the Administration's monetary program, and with all the elements affecting and affected by distribution, is not the basic and fundamental factor the size of your consuming market?

Take, for example, the farmer — always Exhibit A in any economic discussion! Back in 1930 the same Dr. Baker quoted above wrote (*Population Growth and Economic Pressure*):

> A stationary population would have serious consequences for the American farmer. . . . A decreasing population would be a calamity.

Why? Simply because the farmer, nearly bankrupt now with too-few people to buy the foodstuffs he raises, would have fewer and fewer customers. *Six hundred thousand fewer in one year*, says Dr. Baker — 1933 as compared with 1921 — *and still going down!*

Let us consider that figure for just a moment. In the broad sense of the word, you must "sell" something in exchange for your livelihood. If you are a farmer, the twelve-month period just completed brought to you six hundred thousand fewer mouths to feed than the corresponding period only thirteen years ago; how does this contrast in consuming markets affect your prosperity? If you are a doctor, there were six hundred thousand fewer deliveries for you to assist at and that number fewer additions to the potential list of your future patients. Even babies are good consumers — shoes, stockings, underwear, clothing, toys, and a thousand and one odds and ends; if you manufacture or sell them, perhaps just the margin between success and failure for you during the past year — or the next! — may be

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represented by that decline in your consuming market.

Are not real-estate and security values carefully calculated in the light of future demand? And is it not the supposed *increase* in this demand upon which everything is predicated — that marginal increment which absorbs depreciation, makes expansion of plant and equipment safe, and provides surpluses for emergencies? Why did the A.B.C. Shoe Company, back in 1925 or 1928, put its profits back into additional plant and equipment? Because it anticipated there would be more feet to which its products might be fitted. But the number of feet in the country is no longer increasing, so the new wing on the A.B.C. factory stands idle, and its equipment rusts — and men are out of work. And will the A.B.C. lend a helping hand to the prostrate form of the building trades by erecting a new wing next year? Why, not even the toe of an A.B.C. boot will stir the poor, stricken fool. Fool? Yes, because he too had deluded himself with the idea that always factories would need new wings to care for new customers, and the industries and the professions would need more loft buildings and office space, and more homes would be needed for new families. Just ask the man who owns one now — factory or office building or apartment house; lucky is he if he pays his taxes and the interest on his mortgage!

What are the prospects in the great city of New York? With grave composure writers of distinction have prophesied that New York would grow and multiply until, forty years from now, some fifteen millions of people would live in the area now occupied by eight. But the country no longer has surplus youths who find it to their advantage to come to the cities, and the birth rate of New York and its adjacent municipalities has sunk so low that, if it were left to them to provide their future population — no one to enter or to leave — in forty years, instead of fifteen million, barely half their present population would remain; in two centuries only a few thousand would be left to rob birds' nests in the crags once known as Al Smith's Empire State Building!

And the Death Lobby in Washington links prosperity and birth control! Better might its slogan be, "For the contraception of prosperity"!

"Catholic" Opposition

Proponents of birth control are accustomed to label as "Roman Catholic" all opposition to the campaign to make the country safe for contraception — and the sale of contraceptives. If that is the case, then Dr. Dublin and Dr. Baker, quoted above, are recent and distinguished converts, whose embracing of the Catholic faith has in some manner mysteriously escaped mention in the public press. So also H. Ralph Burton, of Washington, D. C., must be a renegade, for in a letter to me, dated January 22, 1934, he has denied the faith, writing,

> The opposition [to the Pierce Birth Control Bill] was led by me, a non-Catholic attorney and representative of the National Patriotic League.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Burton says, it would be difficult to find a more representative body of opinion than that which opposed this bill. Among those protesting against its passage were two inter-denominational organizations representative of many non-Catholic creeds; the International Reform Federation and the Lord's Day Alliance; the United Lutheran Church in America, the United Danish Evangelical Lutheran Church in America, and the Evangelical Lutheran Augustana Synod; the Chairman of the Social Service Commission of the Southern Baptist Convention; the Foresters of America; two Protestant Episcopal bishops; a Methodist bishop; a member of the Jewish faith. All these condemned the proposed legislation. Moreover, the American Medical Association informed the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee that it had taken no part in either preparing or promoting the enactment of the bill. Of the eight eminent physicians who appeared against or made known their disapproval of the bill, only two were Catholics.

The leaders in countries all over the world are becoming more and more aware that their national life is menaced by a movement that may mean their natural death. The opponents of recognition by the State of an official program of race contraception contend that the State may not with equanimity contemplate its own demise and the death throes of its citizenry; if that be "Roman Catholic," make the most of it!

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A Eugenist Replies

BY GUY IRVING BURCH

FATHER MOORE has made the statement that the advocates of the birth-control bill in Washington are laboring for the nation's death. This is a serious accusation and cannot be taken lightly by those who have the interests of the country at heart.

There are at least three ways of answering Father Moore's article. It may be shown: (1) that his arguments are inconsistent with the policy of his church on the subject of birth control, (2) that his arguments are either unsound or beside the point, and (3) that his chief assumption, i.e., that the widespread knowledge of birth control will result in "fewer and fewer people," is incorrect.

CATHOLICISM AND BIRTH CONTROL

IT IS surprising that a high official of the Roman Catholic Church should brand the advocates of the birth-control bill as "death" lobbyists when Catholic publishers are sending through the mails a method of birth control approved by the Roman Church to compete with contraception. *The Rhythm*, published with "ecclesiastical approbation," and *The Sterile Period in Family Life*, published with the Imprimatur of Patrick, Cardinal Hayes, explain in detail how a couple may participate in sexual union and avoid the conception of new life.

Father Moore tells us that contraceptives are now bootlegged and sold even to schoolchildren. He does not mention that the above-named books are sold to unmarried girls and are permitted to go freely through the mails by the Post Office Department, of which a Roman Catholic is Postmaster General. While at the same time scientific medical books on contraception and medical contraceptive supplies are not permitted to be sent through the mails or by common carriers from one hospital to another, even in states that have no laws against birth control. This matter also will bear investigation by the American people. Should we wonder that the distribution of contraceptives is driven underground? Consequently the public is duped with fake contraceptives; the health of married women is injured; good taste is brushed aside; and the poor and ignorant, who most need a reliable method of birth control, find it most difficult to get such medical instruction.

CALLS ARGUMENTS UNSOUND

WE ARE TOLD that the "two-child family is being set up as the American ideal." By whom? Not the birth-control movement! Not the National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control! But once the "two-child family" is pinned on the straw man that Father Moore has erected it is a simple matter to knock it over.

We shall not challenge the statement that Dr. Louis I. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, is opposed to birth control. But we will say that practically every population authority in this country wonders why Dr. Dublin is opposed. Some have guessed that it might be a religious prejudice. Others have suggested that it might be the insurance business. While still others have called attention to Dr. Dublin's antipathy for our immigration-restriction laws; to be consistent with advocating more immigrants, he must advocate more births.

Father Moore next quotes from Dr. O. E. Baker, Senior Agricultural Economist of the United States Department of Agriculture. We concede that Dr. Baker is concerned about the agricultural situation and about a decrease in population but we challenge the suggestion that he is opposed to the principle of birth control or the birth-control bill. In the birth-regulation program of the American Eugenics Society, Dr. Baker went on record in support of physicians giving birth-control instruction for medical reasons.

In mentioning the names of Warren S. Thompson and P. K. Whelpton, authors of the population section of the President's Committee on Social Trends, certainly Father Moore is aware of the fact that these authorities, along with a score of similar population experts, more than half of whom were authors of the Social Trends report, have gone on record for the birth-control bill in the Senate hearings this year. It is one thing to argue against a decreasing population but quite another to argue against birth control.

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Father Moore's idea of "When are you prosperous?" is very interesting. He seems to overlook the standard of living altogether. His argument is that the more people, the larger the consuming market, the more prosperity. Dr. Leo Wolman, Chairman of the Labor Advisory Board of the NRA, in his statement in favor of the birth-control bill in the Senate hearings this year, called attention to the fact that repeated studies have shown that among civilized nations there is a distinct correlation between scarcity of population and prosperity. There are a score of other authorities that might be quoted to refute Father Moore's argument at this point, but let us hear from Robert S. Lynd, the author of the section on People as Consumers, in the Social Trends Report.

> My work as director of the section on consumption habits of the recent published report of the Research Committee on Social Trends, has abundantly confirmed my conviction that immediate action looking toward the making available of adequate contraceptive information to all the people, rather than merely to the most favored, economically and educationally, is urgently desired.

Finally, Father Moore has suggested that there is other important opposition to the birth-control bill besides the Roman Catholic Church and mentioned a few individuals and organizations that opposed the bill. To mention the civil, religious, and medical societies that endorse the bill would take pages, because there are more than a thousand of them. Congressmen will tell you that the Roman Catholic Church is the only significant opposition to the birth-control bill.

Why a Declining Birth Rate?

Let us now consider Father Moore's chief assumption, that the widespread practice of birth control means "there will be fewer and fewer people" and will endanger the economic life of the nation. The arguments which we shall use to explode this myth may be found more in detail, with supporting evidence from authorities, in the Senate hearings this year.

The democratic practice of birth control by all economic and social classes does not necessarily change the rate of population growth. Generally contraception replaces the more wasteful and disorganizing means of population control, such as abortion, infanticide, celibacy, needless infant and maternal mortality, sex irregularities, and war. Sometimes the widespread practice of birth control may enable a nation to increase faster than its neighbors.

The first medical birth-control center in the world was established in Holland in 1885, and since that date similar centers have been established throughout that country. In 1925, the Dutch woman doctor, Alleta Jacobs, stated that there was not a grown woman in the Netherlands who did not know how to prevent conception or know where she could get such instruction. It was to Holland that Mrs. Margaret Sanger went to learn the latest scientific methods of contraception some twenty years ago. More than fifty years' experience with the most modern methods of birth control has enabled Holland now to increase at a faster rate than any country in northern and western Europe, and Italy may be included. In fact the inhabitants of the Netherlands are now increasing at a faster rate than any people in the world that has as high a standard of living as the Dutch enjoy. Incidentally, that country's natural increase rate, births over deaths, is about twice as high as that in the United States, notwithstanding our anti-birth-control laws.

On the other hand, what has passed as birth control in Catholic France has been accompanied by a relatively slow growth, but it has not resulted in "fewer and fewer people." The inhabitants of France increased from 27,000,000 to 41,000,000 between 1800 and 1930. Natural resources and economic and social conditions are the fundamental factors in population growth, regardless of the *means* used to control numbers, and France was no exception to the rule. Some of the fundamental causes of that country's slower growth were: (1) France entered the nineteenth century already more populous than her neighbors; (2) she was torn by revolution and repeatedly defeated in war; (3) valuable colonies and rich mineral resources of the Rhine region were taken from her; (4) French emigrants in the New World did not send back to the mother country millions upon millions of dollars — a common practice among her neighbors; and (5) her peculiar inheritance laws which "require equal division of the estate among

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children," says Warren S. Thompson in the Social Trends Study, "are generally supposed to be an important factor in the 'two-child system.'"

If a country's natural resources and economic and social conditions warrant a faster growth, a policy of birth control is one of the most effective for accomplishing this result. On the other hand, if a country is experiencing severe population pressure, birth control is again the most effective means that can be employed to relieve the situation for any length of time. By making it possible for parents to have the number of children most in keeping with the family's income, birth control can enable nations to have the number of people which the natural resources and economic and social conditions warrant, be that a fast or slow growth.

Birth control will not only give nations the size of population warranted by their resources and conditions, but, if permitted to spread democratically to all classes, it will give each economic and social class within the nation the birth rate which its position warrants. That the general practice of birth control can accomplish these results is indicated by the fact that in cities of northern and western Europe, where contraception has found its way to the lower classes, Dr. Karl Edin, of Sweden, and Dr. Friedrich Burgdörfer, of Germany, two eminent, internationally known authorities, have discovered that the more fortunate classes are now having more children per family than the less fortunate.

In concluding a recent statement concerning the sizes of families of Harvard and Yale graduates, Dr. Ellsworth Huntington, of Yale University, says:

> In a word, then, where birth control has free rein not only do the most successful people have the most children, but the size of the families is going back to such a level that these successful people are having more than enough children to replace themselves. . . . So, in the long run, birth control seems to promise the largest families in the best homes at all levels of society.

Size Versus Number of Families

The widespread practice of birth control also enables population to grow more orderly and peacefully, at a higher standard of living, and on a high moral plane. This is made possible because, while birth control may reduce the size of the abnormally large families, it increases the number of families. Dr. William F. Ogburn, who was Director of Research of the President's Committee on Social Trends, and Dr. Warren S. Thompson, who was Director of the Population Section of the Committee's report, have discovered that birth control increases the proportion of the population married, especially among young persons.

The democratic spread of birth control reduces the size of the very large families, but, as it increases the proportion of the population married, it enables a more even distribution among the adult population of the pleasures and responsibilities of rearing the nation's children. The Irish Free State, where both Church and State denounce birth control, is noted for its large families, but it is also noted among students of comparative vital statistics for the lowest proportion of population married, especially among young people, in the civilized world. On the other hand, in Holland, where the government has at times encouraged birth control, we find medium-sized families but so many of them that the Dutch increase at a rate twice that of the South Irish.

When the pleasures and responsibilities of rearing the nation's children are more evenly distributed among the adult population via medium-sized families and a high married proportion of the population, it not only makes for a more even distribution of wealth among the general population but stimulates business activity, because more separate family units create a greater demand for a greater number and variety of the products of the factory and the farm. Trying to keep birth control away from the poor and ignorant while the well-to-do and intelligent practice it aggravates the present uneven distribution of children among the adult population and the uneven distribution of wealth per person. Sustained business activity and lasting prosperity are dependent upon a high standard of living far more than upon increase in population. Birth control can make possible the maximum standard of living and the maximum growth of population which is consistent with such a standard.

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COLLEGE VERSE

THE FORUM'S *1934 National Poetry Contest*

THE FORUM'S 1934 National Intercollegiate Poetry Contest closed on May 15, with offerings from 205 colleges and universities representing all but six of the states. The leading universities of the country were included, as well as many small colleges, the outstanding exception being Princeton.

Passing on the poems selected by the Editor were six judges:

Joseph Auslander
William Rose Benet
Mary M. Colum
Robert Hillyer
Haniel Long
Archibald Macleish

The first prize, of fifty dollars, is awarded to Elizabeth Gallagher, of the College of Saint Catherine, St. Paul, Minnesota, for her "Thistle in the Desert."

The second prize, of thirty dollars, is awarded to Harmon Goldstone, of Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for his "Epicedium."

The third prize, of twenty dollars, is awarded to Charlotte Radsliff, of Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, for her "Pigeons."

Besides the three prize-winning verses here published, THE FORUM has purchased other poems of merit submitted in the contest, and these will appear in future issues.

Thistle in the Desert

FIRST PRIZE

Along the arid ridges of this waste
Only the thistle twists its bitter roots.

In water-courses long-dry freshets traced,
The reeds lie sere with dust in all their flutes.

Even the wind is lured to hidden death
Here where the sun makes brittle the airiest bones.

There is no green thing here, no fugitive breath
Of life but the thistle springing among bare stones.

When will the wild heart learn, and be appeased
For its loneliness by the thistle's purple flower?

The transient bloom that death has already seized
Knows victory for one precarious hour.

What would the heart ask more than its ancient dower? —
Thistle in the desert, and once a purple flower.

ELIZABETH GALLAGHER

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Epicedium

SECOND PRIZE

The sea was smooth as heavy sleep;
  The surface could not lift in waves,
  The water was too deep.
Three men, with bodies made of brass,
  Came walking silently along
  The silver glistening grass.
The sea was quiet as a pool,
  And gentle to the three who found
  The quiet water cool.
The sun was burning in their eyes; —
  While some might find the vision fair,
  They found it otherwise.
They gave themselves most willingly,
  And slowly sank for miles beneath
  The surface of the sea.
And in the evening of the day
  Three women came in search of them,
  And found them gone away.
There was no echo of a sound,
  No ripple on the sea to show
  How willingly they drowned.

HARMON GOLDSTONE

Pigeons

THIRD PRIZE

Bronze-burnished gleam the round slate breast, the white
Curved neck, sleek head, the silent spreading wings
That circle steeply in the smoky light
Of morning. Pigeons are contented things
That walk pink-toed upon the cold damp stone
And soften the harsh stillness of the air
With the low melancholy of their tone.
They quarrel not with God, nor do they care
If he has hands or feet or eyes to see,
Or if, when all ecstatic flight is done,
Their feathers rot outside eternity,
Or souls exist. They bask in the warm sun
Nor question the duration of the day
Whose end not all their wisdom could delay.

CHARLOTTE RADSLIFF

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THE WORLD AS I WANT IT

BY PAUL U. KELLOGG

THE WORLD I want is a changing one — beginning here and now. And I am less concerned with any finished prospectus of it than with how to help throw it open for men and women to fashion for themselves. So here, as a sort of wicket gate on the road ahead as I see it and as a variant to the scheme of presentation of other contributors to this spirited symposium, let me give you this exchange: the form night letter that was sent out, I take it, to editors generally by the president of one of our greatest modern industrial corporations; and my reply.

PAUL U KELLOGG, EDITOR
SURVEY GRAPHIC 112 EAST 19 ST
FOR SOME TIME PAST I HAVE BEEN CONCERNED WITH THE THINKING OF MANY WHO BELIEVE THAT OUR PROGRESS IN THIS WORLD IS FINISHED STOP THAT WE MUST RETROGRESS STOP THAT THERE ARE NO WORTHWHILE POSSIBILITIES AHEAD STOP THAT WE MUST LIVE MERELY BY DIVIDING UP AVAILABLE JOBS AND THAT WE MUST ACCEPT A LOWER STANDARD OF LIVING STOP CONTRARIWISE MANY BELIEVE THAT THE AMOUNT OF AVAILABLE WORK CAN BE CONTINUALLY EXPANDED STOP THAT PROGRESSIVELY HIGHER STANDARDS OF LIVING WILL RESULT THROUGH BROADENING THE ACTIVITIES OF INDUSTRY BY DEVELOPMENTS OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH STOP IN MY JUDGMENT THIS QUESTION IS EXCEEDINGLY IMPORTANT AT THIS TIME ON ACCOUNT OF ITS INFLUENCE IN THE DETERMINATION OF MANY OF OUR NATIONAL ECONOMIC POLICIES VITALLY AFFECTING THE FUTURE OF US ALL STOP BECAUSE OF THE IMPORTANCE OF PRESENTING A REPRESENTATIVE AND AUTHORITATIVE VIEWPOINT ON THIS QUESTION AT THIS TIME AND IN THE HOPE OF CONTRIBUTING TOWARD A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THE PROBLEM I AM GIVING A DINNER TO A GROUP OF FORWARD LOOKING LEADERS IN SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY AT THE GENERAL MOTORS BUILDING CHICAGO CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXPOSITION GROUNDS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK CENTRAL DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME ON FRIDAY MAY TWENTY FIFTH THE DAY BEFORE THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE WORLD'S FAIR STOP SPEAKERS WILL INCLUDE ARTHUR COMPTON GLENN FRANK CARL GRAY CHARLES F KETTERING AND OTHER NATIONALLY KNOWN SCIENTISTS AND INDUSTRIALISTS THE THEME WILL BE A PREVIEW OF PROGRESS AND BENEFITS YET TO COME STOP THE CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXPOSITION LAST YEAR CELEBRATED ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE PAST STOP WE WANT AT THIS CONFERENCE TO LOOK INTO THE FUTURE STOP WE FEEL POSITIVELY THAT INDUSTRY IS ON THE THRESHOLD OF GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS STOP IN THE BELIEF THAT THERE COULD BE NO BETTER VINDICATION OF THE ROLE OF INDUSTRY IN THE YEARS AHEAD WE ARE INVITING LEADERS OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY TO ATTEND AND TO GIVE US A BRIEF STATEMENT OF SIGNIFICANT FUTURE POSSIBLE BROAD DEVELOPMENTS IN THEIR PARTICULAR FIELDS STOP ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DINNER WILL BE MADE THROUGH MONDAY'S NEWSPAPERS STOP WE WOULD LIKE TO EXTEND TO YOU A MOST CORDIAL INVITATION TO BE PRESENT AT THE DINNER AND WOULD APPRECIATE A WIRE COLLECT STATING WHETHER OR NOT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO ATTEND STOP IF YOU CARE TO WIRE US AT THE SAME TIME A SHORT STATEMENT ON THE ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL IMPORTANCE OF THE PROBLEM WE WILL BE HAPPY TO INCLUDE IT WITH OTHERS TO BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE DINNER

ALFRED P SLOAN JR PRESIDENT
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
NEW YORK

II

AS A Michigander, I believe that the time and place are right for throwing the gears forward at your dinner of scientific and industrial leaders on the eve of the reopening of the Century of Progress exposition. You refuse to think in terms of defeat or collapse. Your concern is with the amazing flow of wealth opened up by scientific advance and organizing genius in the last century and how to share it.

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Chicago is the capital of mid-America. In the struggle of the 'sixties it was the weight of men, means, and energy which the Middle West threw into the conflict, under Lincoln's leadership, that turned the scales. Again, in this struggle of the 'thirties against the downswing of depression, how the Middle West goes may well decide how the United States goes, how the New World goes, and whether it means anything after all in the drama of the old earth.

We began as a wilderness. Then a thin carpet of frontier settlements spreading westward. Then an agricultural commonwealth. And now, with our powers as growers and makers expanded as never before, we have found ourselves thwarted as users and pursuers of happiness. We start from scratch with more unemployed workers throughout the country than there are people in New York and Chicago combined, while their families would populate adjoining states. Their households stand for balked earning power and spending power; for misery, malnutrition, and hurt; for the deflation of the wage-earning market; and for the denial of our historic American opportunity for all.

The first charge on us, then, is to lay down a new security of livelihood. Through permanent planning, through a federal-state-local system of public relief on a cash and self-respecting basis, through public works and unemployment insurance, we can, if we will, remove such preventable economic distress from the American scene. Like cleared stump land, that will give a new foothold on the North American continent for the people who are to shape our future. Let me suggest five frontiers on which we can push out from there:

Match our scientific inventions, our electrical and chemical advances with engineering applied to the human side of production so as to stabilize employment, sustain purchasing power, and fend against another cyclical breakdown such as has wrecked more homes than all the wars we have ever fought.

Pioneer the natural resources of the continent again in a new way; recapture them for the people as their common heritage. It was as stupid to let them slip through our fingers as it would have been to let the Great Lakes go to the highest bidder or to the luckiest prospector. It is not too late to set up public authorities in power, coal, oil which will take over, conserve, and develop them as the prime sources of energy on which our entire industrial and social future depend.

Build on the barn-raising of the NRA and set up a permanent organic structure for industry which will parallel our political structure and in which employers, workers, and consumers will participate up to the hilt. In such a company as yours there will be able exponents of the part of enterprisers and scientists in such a planned economy. With the trial-and-error experiments under the code authorities we have only scratched the surface of the problem of reconciling free initiative and order in such a set-up. But, with industrial interests dominating those authorities, that order will tighten into fascism or turn turtle into communism unless workers and consumers share genuinely in economic controls. Corporate development in the United States is little more than seventy-five years old; scientific management less than fifty; mass production scarcely twenty-five.

Safeguard the right of workers to organize and bargain through representatives of their own choosing, as the only direct counterbalance to this aggressive but lopsided development. Higher wages, higher purchasing power, higher living standards will stall and cave in unless the bargaining power of labor is so well organized that it has an effective voice in determining working conditions.

Throw the full force of government behind the consumers' stake in the economic process. It is in distribution that our greatest wastes go on. Disruptive price practices are not only stalling recovery, but they undermine the whole balance of our economic life. The burdens taxpayers groan about are small compared with this engrossment of the popular income. It will be to the interest of industry as a whole no less than to that of the people as a whole to have a new agency of government, equipped with as scientific resources as our greatest industries and with powers as wide as those of the Federal Trade Commission, committed unequivocally to the service of the unorganized and neglected consumers of the United States.

Let me subscribe to the Acid Test defined by two hundred members of the social professions — educators, editors, doctors, lawyers, and social workers — in a joint statement to the President in June. They applied it to the New Deal. I would apply it to the whole American front on the future which is your concern to-night.

It reads:

We believe that the acid test of the New Deal lies in its effect on the actual distribution of the wealth which the machine age creates but which we have yet to find the way to spread out and use. The depression dramatized both our success and our failure by its vast stocks of unpurchased goods and by its massed unemployment.

For the rank and file of Americans this distribution of wealth comes down to work and earning power; and unless that is substantially increased, and made secure, recovery is bound to stall and western democracy must acknowledge its incapacity to plan and control the economic forces on which modern life depends.

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GIN A BODY MEET A BODY

A Short Story

BY ALICE A. FRASER

In St. Anton at the foot of the snowy Tyrols, the Arlberg-Orient Express slowed to a stop and emitted from its first car skis, ski poles, and none other than Mr. Potts, vice consul; and from its fourth car skis, ski poles, and none other than Miss Peters, English teacher. Immediately on alighting, both tipped back their heads and regarded with shining eyes the lofty peaks that sparkled above them. The sight stirred in Mr. Potts aspirations that his vice consulship ought long ago to have suffocated and in Miss Peters yearnings for which the duties of saying "the cat, the man, the dog" to plump little Parisians who repeated persistently "ze cat, ze man, ze dog" provided inadequate outlet. Mr. Potts' breath, as he expelled it, quivered with emotion. Miss Peters' billowy bosom heaved. In those shimmering peaks lay a Week of Great Adventure.

Indeed, so enthralled were Mr. Potts and Miss Peters by the proximity of Great Adventure that Mr. Potts did not observe on the snowy tracks the lady of statuesque proportions who was Miss Peters, any more than did that lady observe the pink-faced gentleman of chubby contours who was Mr. Potts. But, though at first sight so oblivious to one another, Mr. Potts and Miss Peters were destined to meet.

Twenty-four hours later the Tyrolian sun, in its descent of the western slope of the Valluga, blushed for shame at its own inadequacy and hid its face in a convenient cloud. For Mr. Potts and Miss Peters, who stood more than halfway up the Valluga on the porch of the Ulmer Hütte, far eclipsed in brilliance of sartorial perfection not only the Tyrolian sun but all Tyrolian skiers.

Out of Mr. Potts' yellow socks rose baggy ski pants, bright brown and beautifully creased, that revealed at every step the manly contours of his stalwart legs. His torso was encased in a double-breasted, brown jacket fastened with four brass buttons that made bull's-eyes on either side of his ample chest. Almost touching his right shoulder was a Tam o' Shanter that draped rakishly over his ear. The Tam o' Shanter was brown on top and yellow where it circled his pink forehead and neck, so that Mr. Potts, whose socks and boots at the lower end of him echoed his upper end, was a poem perfectly finished and rounded off. But not more perfectly finished and rounded off than was Miss Peters, who echoed him, save that where he was bright brown she was bright blue.

But, though they were like twin symphonies, Mr. Potts and Miss Peters were still oblivious of one another, for their souls were lost in contemplation of the peaks that stretched away before them in every shade of white and blue and lavender.

"Aaaaaah," breathed Mr. Potts.

"Oooooh," breathed Miss Peters.

Then Mr. Potts left Miss Peters to throb alone on the porch and went inside the Hütte. He wrote his name in the guest book and bought two post cards. Then he went outside, strapped on his skis, and gazed like a king around him.

Mr. Potts was ready for his Great Adventure.

"Yow-ee!" he declared in exultation to the purple peaks as he gave himself a mighty push with his poles.

The trail dropped quickly away in front of him, and Mr. Potts crouched, springing on his knees. Suddenly he had gathered a most amazing amount of headway. He pushed hard on his left ski, in order to get it out to act as a brake.

But there was something wrong with the snow. The ski would not go out. Mr. Potts struggled harder, but skis, like anything else,

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are possessed of a personality, and one of their most dominant traits is obstinacy. He pushed and pushed. At last desperation lent the strength of ten to Mr. Potts, and he pushed with a push greater than all the other pushes put together. The ski went out, so suddenly and with such abandon that he could not stop it. It slid right away from him, carrying his left leg with it, and since Mr. Potts was rather fond of, one might almost say greatly attached to, his left leg, he did not let it go sliding off alone.

"Oof!" said Mr. Potts involuntarily as the snow, the deceptive snow that looked so soft but was about as yielding as a hard-wood floor, rose up and smote him in the face.

He lay quite motionless. Finally he rolled over on his back and, by dint of laborious unhooking, got his skis uncrossed. Then, most indecorously, he raised his legs high in the air. What the junior vice consul would have thought if he could have seen his senior lying thus on a Tyrolian mountainside is a matter for speculation. But Mr. Potts did not speculate. He rolled over on his side, thus getting the skis more in the general relation with his head for which his maker intended them and squirmed his upper end uphill. The effort was somewhat exhausting. Mr. Potts lay back and admired the scenery. The snow was comfortable, the sky was blue, and peace returned to his shaken soul.

When Mr. Potts had dug out, he saw that the trail descended to the river and climbed away from it up the other side of the valley. It seemed foolish of that trail to go up and down one side of the valley, then to take it into its head to cross the river solely for the pleasure — a very doubtful one, Mr. Potts thought — of going up and down the other side of the valley. But Mr. Potts was merely a toy in the hands of the Tyrolian trail makers. He had no choice and up he went. He came to a horseshoe turn. From there the path went down, curved to the left at the bottom, and then went up again to another turn.

Carefully Mr. Potts bent his knees, firmly grasped his sticks, and squinted with calculating eye. He must, above all, go slowly, so that at the bottom he could stop and turn. Mr. Potts pushed off, but he did not go slowly. The mountain that fronted him at the turn fairly rushed upon him, and a jagged projection of rock that was just the height of the vice-consular nose photographed itself forever on the retina of Mr. Potts' eye. Willfully, Mr. Potts sat down in the middle of the trail. And in the middle of the trail was a bump of snow which came to rest in the middle of Mr. Potts. Mr. Potts discovered that beneath the bump was a rock, a very pointed rock. Up to now he had controlled himself like a gentleman, but up to now his self-control had not been tried by the acid test of rocks.

"My God!" said Mr. Potts.

He unhooked his right ski from his left leg and his right arm from the loop of the ski stick, which was beneath him. He sat up and tipped the injured part of his gabardine off the ground, craning his neck backwards so that he might inspect the damage. All that was visible to the naked eye was a small rent in the material, but Mr. Potts had a feeling, a very definite feeling, that an X-ray machine would have disclosed a rent in something besides his pants.

He got to his feet and gingerly felt the aperture, then proceeded sadly up the trail. At the turn the trail descended again, disappearing for a moment in a slight curve, then reappearing. Here, also, Mr. Potts debated. Experience had taught him causes but, alas, no cures! He rearranged himself with his left leg prepared to brake and with compressed lips started off. All — "All" signifying Mr. Potts — went well, although a little faster than All had hoped. Still, it was not too fast. With a silent hallelujah Mr. Potts rounded the slight turn at a fairly good clip. Then his breath hissed between his teeth. If he had been less horrified, he would have yelled. But his voice froze, until it was too late. Mr. Potts had at last met Miss Peters.

II

She came suddenly into his life, like a ship from out the fog. But if Miss Peters entered suddenly into the life of Mr. Potts, Mr. Potts entered even more suddenly into the life of Miss Peters. He came like a bolt from the blue, except that instead of coming from the blue he came from around the corner. For Miss Peters' back had been turned as she reclined on the snow, and she had been very much wrapped up in her legs.

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Striking like a catapult, Mr. Potts went over the head of the surprised and displeased Miss Peters and made a beautiful flying tackle at nothing — alas! — more substantial than the Tyrolian atmosphere.

There was a dead silence. Mr. Potts was too stunned to speak. Miss Peters, although also stunned, could have spoken had not words failed her. Her patience, even ere this, had been sorely tried.

Mr. Potts lifted his face from the snow and took the end of the ski stick from his mouth. He ran his tongue over his teeth. They were all there. Then he looked back at Miss Peters.

"My God!" he said slowly and distinctly, not as one ejaculates an oath but as one states an irrefutable fact.

A great many oaths occurred to Miss Peters, but none seemed adequate.

"Your skis," she said, "are in my face."

And so they were, although Miss Peters had grossly exaggerated. For only one of Mr. Potts' skis was in her face. The other was back of her head, attached to the foot that hung over her left shoulder. Mr. Potts jerked his right ski spasmodically. It swiped Miss Peters in the nose.

"Ouch!" said Miss Peters.

"Oh, I say! I'm sorry!" said Mr. Potts.

He looked back over his shoulder in perplexity. The problem was one requiring the brain of an Einstein. Mr. Potts was not lacking in intellectual dexterity, but no one had ever accused him of having the brain of an Einstein. His right leg, at the end of which was the ski that was in Miss Peters' face, was bent and slightly beneath him. In order to move it, he would have to move his whole body forward, and if he moved his whole body forward the left leg would necessarily, being to all outward respects, at least, still attached, come too. And if it came it would hit Miss Peters in the back of the head. Now Mr. Potts, although no great student of human nature, could tell from the expression on Miss Peters' face that she would not enjoy being hit in the back of the head with his left ski.

"Hurry up," said Miss Peters coldly. "I can't sit here all night."

Mr. Potts recognized the truth of her statement, but was not materially helped in solving the problem at hand.

"Do you suppose," he said timidly, "that you could put your head down?"

Miss Peters did not look as though she took kindly to the suggestion, but since Mr. Potts was necessarily the chief engineer she acquiesced. Laboriously he lifted his left leg, ski and all, from Miss Peters' left shoulder, over her head, to her right shoulder. Miss Peters raised her head.

"Well, go on," she said.

Mr. Potts, who had, sometime previous to his introduction to Miss Peters, lost his vice-consular poise, was completely flustered by her last remark. In his haste to correct matters and remove his legs from Miss Peters' right shoulder, he rolled quickly over on his back. Alas for Mr. Potts! Twice alas for Miss Peters! He had forgotten about the ski that was already in Miss Peters' face. It turned sharply over and struck her nose before it joined his other leg on the ground.

"My God!" said Miss Peters, who was, after all, only human.

She gave Mr. Potts a look that made it clear that their short acquaintance had been too long and rose with dignity, leaving Mr. Potts prostrate on his back in the trail with one leg, the offending leg — that is, the leg that had most offended — hanging abandonedly over the precipice as though he wanted to disclaim all relationship with it. Miss Peters went painfully on her way. Mr. Potts gathered himself up. Although he admitted he had been clumsy in disentangling himself from Miss Peters, he did not consider the unfortunate affair entirely his fault. After all, what had she been doing sitting in the middle of the trail?

It was growing difficult to see. Mr. Potts was waxing a trifle nervous about getting home. He was aware that much more than the forty minutes he had anticipated for the descent had passed. St. Anton must be just around the bend, thought Mr. Potts. But instead of St. Anton was Miss Peters. She was kneeling, adjusting her ski fastenings. Mr. Potts stopped.

"Is it broken?"

"No," said Miss Peters shortly. "You better go ahead."

"Oh, no," responded Mr. Potts chivalrously, "I'll wait."

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He felt that it was an excellent opportunity to soothe the lady's ire. And then, also, Mr. Potts had recently acquired the chief attribute of the violet. He preferred watching Miss Peters ski to being watched by her. But that lady was also secretly motivated.

"No, no. Go along!"

There was nothing for it. Mr. Potts must go. He edged himself around Miss Peters.

"O.K. Toodle-oo," he said gayly. Mr. Potts was, in some respects, of the stuff of heroes.

Drawing by Dorothy McKay

As soon as he had departed, Miss Peters ceased tampering with her fastenings. At that precise moment the tense rear of Mr. Potts might have supported a luncheon tray with ease. Miss Peters' heart softened within her.

Meanwhile, as Miss Peters' heart, all unbeknownst to Mr. Potts, was softening, Mr. Potts' was tightening. He was rapidly approaching a gentle curve. He set his teeth. He braked viciously with his left leg. He was around the corner. He was standing up. He had done it, by God!

But Mr. Potts could not stand prosperity. He shot forward and catapulted into the side of the mountain. When he lifted his head, he saw that he was in another gully. The thought of Miss Peters, who might at any moment put in an appearance, lent strength to his limbs. But strength could not help Mr. Potts. He found he was in a position of which he was the original inventor, and, like Frankenstein, he found the creature of his brain too much for him. He struggled.

Meanwhile, Miss Peters, having decided that the coast was by now clear, embarked. She fell heavily at the turn but, lacking the imagination of Mr. Potts, with less intricacy. She was soon up. From the top of the gully she came slowly down to where Mr. Potts, jerking his legs spasmodically, sprawled on his stomach. He was painfully aware of her presence.

"This damn ski," he said between jerks.

For the second time that afternoon Mr. Potts had resorted to profanity in the presence of a lady. The lady, however, did not mind. The spectacle of Mr. Potts was too touching.

"What's the matter?" she asked kindly.

"This damn ski," said Mr. Potts as before.

He ceased to jerk and twisted his neck to look painfully back over his shoulder at Miss Peters. She leaned down to inspect.

"I think you better take it off. It seems to be caught under you. Can't you roll over?"

"No," said Mr. Potts annoyedly, "got another leg."

"Oh," said Miss Peters as though she had not observed this fact. After all, it would not hurt to humble Mr. Potts. Her ears were still ringing from his introduction. "Then you'll have to take it off."

Mr. Potts removed his hand from the thong of his ski pole and reached for his foot. He fell short by a good three inches.

"Stretch!" encouraged Miss Peters.

Mr. Potts stretched, but unfortunately he was not built for elasticity.

"Here," said Miss Peters. She stooped and fumbled. "What made you fall?" she inquired innocently.

Incoherently Mr. Potts mumbled. He had been a proud man once.

Miss Peters succeeded in undoing the strap and removing the ski. He rolled over on his back and sat up.

"Thanks," he said. It was all that he could muster. His heart was sore within him.

"Not at all," responded Miss Peters sweetly.

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"You better go on," said Mr. Potts, who preferred freezing in the mountains to being rescued from a like predicament again — especially by Miss Peters.

"Oh, no," said Miss Peters. She was rather clever, was Miss Peters. "You see I don't know the way."

Under ordinary circumstances Mr. Potts' masculine protectiveness would have risen to this challenge. These, however, were not ordinary circumstances. Mr. Potts' masculine protectiveness remained as flat as he himself had been a few moments previously.

"You can't miss it," he said. "It's as plain as daylight."

Thus rebuffed, Miss Peters went on. Mr. Potts felt a tiny pricking of his vice-consular conscience. After all, he did not know that one could not miss it or that it was as plain as daylight. Besides, the daylight was anything but plain.

III

When Mr. Potts emerged from the gully, he found himself once more flanked on the left by a precipice and on the right by a mountainside. He looked over the precipice and along the valley as far as he could see. There was no twinkle of the lights of St. Anton. Then he looked along the narrow trail and sighed twice, once because he was aware of that which was about to befall him and once because the inevitability of it filled his soul with ennui. He bent his knees and slid forward. Presently, as he could have foretold, he found himself braking fiercely with his left leg, all to no avail. Quickly Mr. Potts sat down. He sat on a rock, the point of which, like the other with which he had come into contact, was concealed, but not blunted, by snow. Mr. Potts' ennui left him.

"God damn!" he said.

It was the third time that afternoon that Mr. Potts had resorted to profanity. His words rang out clearly and sounded so extraordinarily loud and blasphemous in the stillness that even Mr. Potts was a bit shocked at himself.

Since all bad things, as well as good, must cease, Mr. Potts came at last to the end of the narrow trail. It was too dark to see tracks, so he put his faith in the Lord, whom he had so recently damned, and started out. The Lord, despite the invectives which Mr. Potts, vice-consul, had poured upon His head, did not fail. For there to the left was a dark blob that could be nothing else than Miss Peters. Mr. Potts allowed his deeply bent knees to sag still more, until, by application of the gabardine brake, he stopped precisely beside her. Miss Peters was staring mournfully ahead. She did not move.

"Hello," said Mr. Potts, struggling not to roll over on her. "What are you doing?"

"I'm looking at the moon!" snapped Miss Peters fiercely.

Her tone was not that of one who makes light pleasantries. Mr. Potts looked around. Sure enough! There was the moon, looking over the mountains with a surprised expression, as though to say, "Hey, what are you doing there?" — a question neither Mr. Potts nor Miss Peters could have answered. Mr. Potts decided that the time had come for frankness.

"This is hell."

"Isn't it!" said Miss Peters eagerly, like one who has at last found something about which he can talk.

Wearily they rose and went on. When Miss Peters sat down, Mr. Potts, like a well-trained chorus girl, also sat down. Vice versa. Although they said little, their souls were as one. Pride goeth before the fall. There had been countless falls, and now was there no pride.

Once Miss Peters ran into Mr. Potts and knocked him over.

"Sorry," she said tersely.

"'S all right," said Mr. Potts, smiling a wan forgiveness, "can't help these things."

They went doggedly on. It was very cold. Miss Peters said as much as she shook the snow from her wet wrists.

"Hands cold?" asked Mr. Potts.

"Yes."

"Want my mittens?"

It was heroism, the quiet kind that is unsung, and Mr. Potts deserved to be sung about, for his hands were slabs of ice. Fortunately, Miss Peters was also of the stuff of heroes. She refused the offer.

Finally, at the top of a slope, Mr. Potts, in wiping the vice-consular nose with his mitten, glanced into the valley below. Far to the left he caught a flicker of light.

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"By Jove!" he burst out. "There's St. Anton!"

Miss Peters took life.

"Where? Where?" her voice thrilled.

Mr. Potts, neglecting his nose, pointed.

"Why yes!" Miss Peters was incredulous. "I believe it is."

"Yes!" exclaimed Mr. Potts. "It really must be!"

"Yes!" they both cried. "Yes!"

Reckless with new hope, they plunged down the trail. Alas for Miss Peters! Alas for Mr. Potts! The slope, unsheltered from the wind, was only thinly covered with snow. Under the covering bristled trunks of trees burnt over the year before. The skis of Mr. Potts and Miss Peters caught. The trunks of two trees bit deeply into Mr. Potts' anatomy as he slid over them, before coming to rest with one impaling his left thigh, the other his right hip. Miss Peters was more fortunate. She was impaled by only one.

"Oooooooh," moaned Mr. Potts.

"Oooooooh," moaned Miss Peters.

Neither stirred. Then Mr. Potts rolled slowly off his stumps and felt of himself.

"Golly! I think I'm split open."

"Me, too!" said Miss Peters with fervor.

There were tears in her voice. If the tears had not been very close to the surface of Mr. Potts' voice, he would have comforted her. As it was, all he could manage was a groan, which did not help Miss Peters at all. After some time they gathered themselves painfully up. Mr. Potts pushed one foot tentatively in front of the other. So did Miss Peters. Both groaned.

"I can't do it," whispered Miss Peters feebly.

"We gotta," muttered Mr. Potts inelegantly between clenched teeth.

He took a couple of steps, lifting his right leg carefully and setting it a foot or so away from the other down the hill, then bringing the left one down to join it. Skis are not meant for climbing among tree stumps. Miss Peters tried it. Suddenly she sat down.

"I won't!" she shouted. "I won't!"

She tore furiously at her ski fastenings. Miss Peters had reached the end of her tether. She started off, leaving her skis lying among the stumps on the slope.

"Are you going to leave your skis?"

"Yes," said Miss Peters in a tone that closed the subject for all time.

Mr. Potts was too weary to argue, but he was made of sterner stuff than Miss Peters. Alone he climbed down the slope through the stumps. Miss Peters was quite a distance ahead.

"There's a bridge here," she called back wearily in the tones of one who must do her duty towards her fellow men.

Mr. Potts did not feel an overwhelming interest. Bridges, ditches, chasms meant nothing at all to him now. If the Grand Canyon had gaped in his path, Mr. Potts would have slid into it because he was too tired to do anything else. And no wonder! For Mr. Potts, if he had been of a mathematical turn of mind, might have estimated that he had lifted that afternoon some eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-three pounds of Mr. Potts. He began to slide. In a moment he made out the dim outlines of the bridge. It was a narrow one. Mr. Potts knew his aim was not accurate enough to take him between the rails so, although every fiber of his being revolted, he sat down. Flup! A long-strained strap of his ski burst, and the ski parted company from the foot of Mr. Potts. He watched apathetically as it slid down the hill into the stream below the bridge. Then he removed the other ski and watched it slide after its mate.

Some twenty minutes later Miss Peters and Mr. Potts had descended the moonlit Khandahar Run and were in the silent streets of St. Anton. They limped mutely. At the door of Schwartzen Adler Miss Peters stopped. She turned suddenly upon Mr. Potts, as though it were all his fault.

"I came for a vacation!" she exploded. "I'm going to Paris in the morning."

"I'll meet you at the station," said Mr. Potts.

Twenty-four hours later Mr. Potts and Miss Peters sat in a second-class compartment en route for Paris. They had stirred very little all day. The anatomies of both were quite content with peace and quiet. Just after sundown, however, Mr. Potts had clenched his teeth like a Spartan and moved his arm. It was now resting comfortably around the shoulders of Miss Peters, where once his feet had been.

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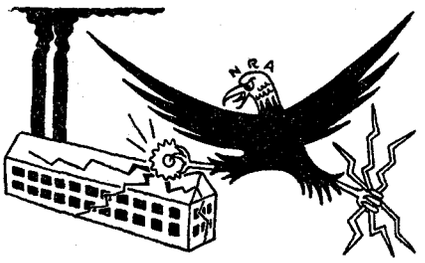
A CALENDAR OF CONTROVERSY

August, 1934

HARRIMAN MILLS VS. NRA

Crack-down!

ON APRIL 20, last, acting upon the recommendation of the National Labor Board, General Hugh S. Johnson re-



moved the Blue Eagle from the Harriman Hosiery Mills, Harriman, Tennessee. It was charged that the firm had violated the right of its employees to bargain collectively, guaranteed them by troublesome Section 7-a of the NIRA. The difficulty began with a strike on October 26, occasioned by the alleged dismissal of employees for their union activities.

Late in June the Harriman Mills shut down, throwing 635 employees out of work. In a letter to General Johnson, T. Asbury Wright, Jr., attorney for the Mills said: "We would like to know if the Blue Eagle is the property of law-abiding citizens of the United States or if it is a plaything to be held over the heads of honorable and decent employers as a cudgel to browbeat and bulldoze them into surrendering their constitutional rights for the benefit of outside agitators whose only purpose is to exploit labor for their own personal gain." A notice placed on the Mills' bulletin boards read: "The actions of General Johnson and the NRA have convinced us that they intend to wreck this concern and make its operation impossible." Mr. Asbury criticized the Labor Board "dominated and controlled by the American Federation of Labor" for acting upon a "disorderly mess of unsworn, illegal, incompetent testimony" — such testimony as General Johnson condemned Clarence Darrow for admitting in his recent report on certain NRA shortcomings.

General Johnson quickly replied that the terms he had offered were extremely reasonable and that their acceptance would mean return of the Blue Eagle. He characterized the case as a "clear violation of the letter and spirit of Section 7-a."

William Green, President of the A. F. of L., denied that the Federation dominated the Labor Board. "The Mill has challenged the government," he said. "It is inconceivable that the government will surrender." He declared that labor throughout the nation will protest the return of the Blue Eagle to the Harriman firm until it agrees to abide by the law.

The 635 discharged employees were given assurance of any necessary federal relief.

DECISION: *To the Blue Eagle, which laid a hard-boiled egg.*

DEWHIRST VS. MURPHY

Facial Shrubbery

FROM MAINE to Florida and from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi the familiar bewhiskered baseball teams of the House of David go barnstorming.

Recently Harry T. Dewhirst, an ex-judge who is leader of the religious cult

which sponsors the ball teams, sought an injunction in federal court in New York against one Louis Murphy, of Spring Valley, Illinois. Murphy, it appears, was chiseling in with another bewhiskered team, the members of which bore "House of David" on their shirts. A few days before the team of the authentic House of David was scheduled to appear in a town, along would come the Murphy team. This hurt receipts.

Federal Judge Woolsey granted the injunction as to the use of the name. But he refused to extend it to whiskers. "Any man," he said, "if he is so minded may — without being subject to any challenge — not only grow such beard as he can, but purposely imitate another's facial shrubbery."

DECISION: *As noted, by a wise and upright judge.*

TUGWELL VS. SENATE

Okay

THE PRESIDENT'S nomination of Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Rexford Guy Tugwell (Salary $7,500) to the newly created post of Undersecretary of Agriculture (Salary $10,000) raised senatorial blood pressure by several degrees. In a raucous public hearing before the Senate Agricultural Committee, Braintruster Tugwell was subjected to a severe grilling on his well-known radical economic theories by Senators Smith of South Carolina and Byrd of Virginia, Democrats who opposed the nomination. Professor Tugwell had all the answers, but some of them had to be translated into unprofessorial English for the benefit of Committee members.

Washington correspondents suggest that Senator Smith's active opposition to the nomination arose from President Roosevelt's failure to appoint as U. S. Marshal in South Carolina one Reuben Gosnell, the Senator's candidate. Other opposition — not all of which was reflected in the vote — arose from frank distrust of the unorthodox Tugwellian theories. But a vote against confirmation might have been interpreted as a vote against the President, and elections are not far away.

DECISION: *Nomination confirmed, 53–24.*

STATE OF N. J. VS. CITY OF N. Y.

Garbage

FOR MANY YEARS New York City's garbage has been towed to sea on barges and dumped somewhere off the New Jersey coast. Many an overripe grapefruit and rotten banana has drifted onto

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New Jersey's famous white bathing beaches. There were repeated protests which in 1929 culminated in a suit. The Supreme Court found that the City was creating a public nuisance and recommended that incinerators be constructed. After July 1, 1934, New York City was liable to a penalty of $5,000 a day for sea dumping.

The City completed its incinerators just in time to escape the penalty. On June 28 they were opened and dedicated with appropriate civic ceremony.

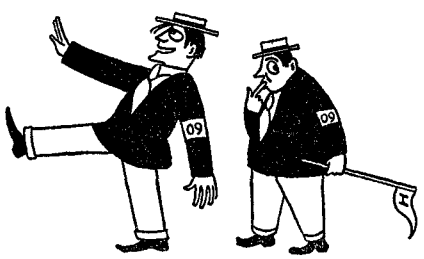
DECISION: *To Jersey bathers, who may now revel in a garbageless ocean.*

HARVARD '09 VS. ROWDIES
Reunion

HARVARD'S twenty-fifth-reunion class had as its special guest Classmate Herr Doktor Ernst Franz Sedgwick ("Hanfy") Hanfstaengl, Nazi press agent and intimate of Hitler.

When the *Europa* was warped into her berth at New York a booing crowd of anti-Nazis was ready to give Hanfy the razzberry. But '09-ers were ready with a tug, and he was spirited away and landed uptown.

At Cambridge, under close guard of Massachusetts State troopers, who were attired for the occasion in the '09 costume, Hanfy took active part in his class reunion. While he was not reuning he gave lengthy interviews to the press, which kept hot on his trail. Hanfy's arrival was the signal for an anti-Nazi riot in Harvard Square. One enthusiast chained himself to the iron railing about the Yard. The following afternoon, when alumni exercises were in progress in the Sever Quadrangle, two young women who bore anti-Nazi devices on their dresses chained and padlocked themselves to chairs in the Yard. After some



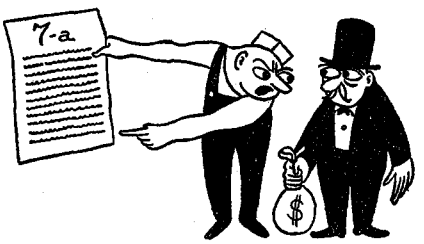
commotion they were removed by the police.

DECISION: *To the smart '09 Reunion Committee which made prime news of the Twenty-Fifth Reunion.*

LABOR VS. CAPITAL
Strikes

LABOR TROUBLES are said to be the inevitable accompaniment of reviving trade. Judged by the events of the past sixty days the trade cycle must be on the upswing. In most of the current strikes the issue has not been wages but union recognition and the exercise of Labor's rights under Section 7-a of the NIRA.

There was a short but bloody fight between workers and strikers at the plant of the Electric Auto-Lite Company, in Toledo, Ohio. National Guardsmen, called in to restore order, fired on a mob, killing two. As special arbitrator for the Department of Labor, Charles P. Taft, II, son of the ex-President, effected a settlement which was a strikers'



victory.

In Minneapolis, Minnesota, truckmen went on strike, urged by Governor Olson to unionize and protect their rights under the NRA. Construction workers joined in. Citizens appointed as special deputies to restore order engaged in a pitched battle with the strikers. One deputy was killed, and a policeman died of the beating he received. Governor Olson then reappeared, this time in the rôle of mediator, and made a compromise settlement.

The United Textile Workers threatened that 300,000 would walk out because General Johnson ordered the cotton mills to cut machine hours by 25 per cent, until inventories of goods could be reduced. The difficulty was quickly settled without the promised strike, and the union got the better of the bargain.

The Amalgamated Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers voted a general strike for June 16 on the issue of union recognition. Steel companies began ordering in barbed wire and tear-gas bombs. A bloody and bitter strike seemed to be definitely in prospect. As a special complication, there was dissension within the ranks of Amalgamated. Headed by one Forbeck, the belligerent Rank & File Committee engaged in verbal fisticuffs with General Johnson and called the NRA the "National Run Around." At a meeting of Amalgamated appeared President William Green of the A. F. of L., who, with unaccustomed vehemence, demanded that the strike be called off. He proposed that President Roosevelt appoint an impartial board of three to arrange for collective bargaining with the employers and to hold elections to determine what organization will represent all of the workers. Amalgamated agreed, and the strike was indefinitely postponed.

In its closing hours Congress passed an amendment to the NIRA definitely empowering the President to appoint such boards. These boards may (1) investigate facts of disputes arising under Section 7-a, (2) order employee elections, (3) subpœna documents and witnesses, and (4) issue orders and regulations, disobedience of which may bring a fine of $1,000 or a year in jail.

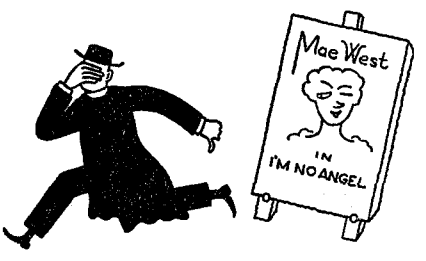
Using his new power, President Roosevelt appointed a National Longshoremen's Board to settle the strike which has kept Pacific Coast shipping in a turmoil for many weeks. Members are Archbishop Edward J. Hanna of San Francisco; Edward F. McGrady, assistant NRA administrator for labor; and O. K. Cushing, San Francisco attorney.

Here the main issue is the control of "halls" where longshoremen are hired. The employers want to control them; so do the unions.

DECISION: *Not clear at this point. Neither Capital nor Labor is in the saddle. Both look hopefully to the President in whose sense of fair play they repose confidence.*

LEGION OF DECENCY VS. HOLLYWOOD
Boycott

LED BY THE Most Rev. John Timothy McNichols, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cincinnati, a Legion of Decency has been organized to combat immoral and indecent motion pictures. The Legion invites and has received the support of other denominations. It has had a good press — so good that Holly-



wood seems to be worried.

A month ago the Legion claimed 2,000,000 members. It is bent on enrolling 10,000,000 Catholics plus as many Protestants and Jews as care to sign. A pledge binds members to stay away from all motion pictures except those which do not offend "decency and Christian morality." There are no dues.

DECISION: *To His Grace, Archbishop McNichols, for a move which may curb the influence of tasteless Hollywood.*

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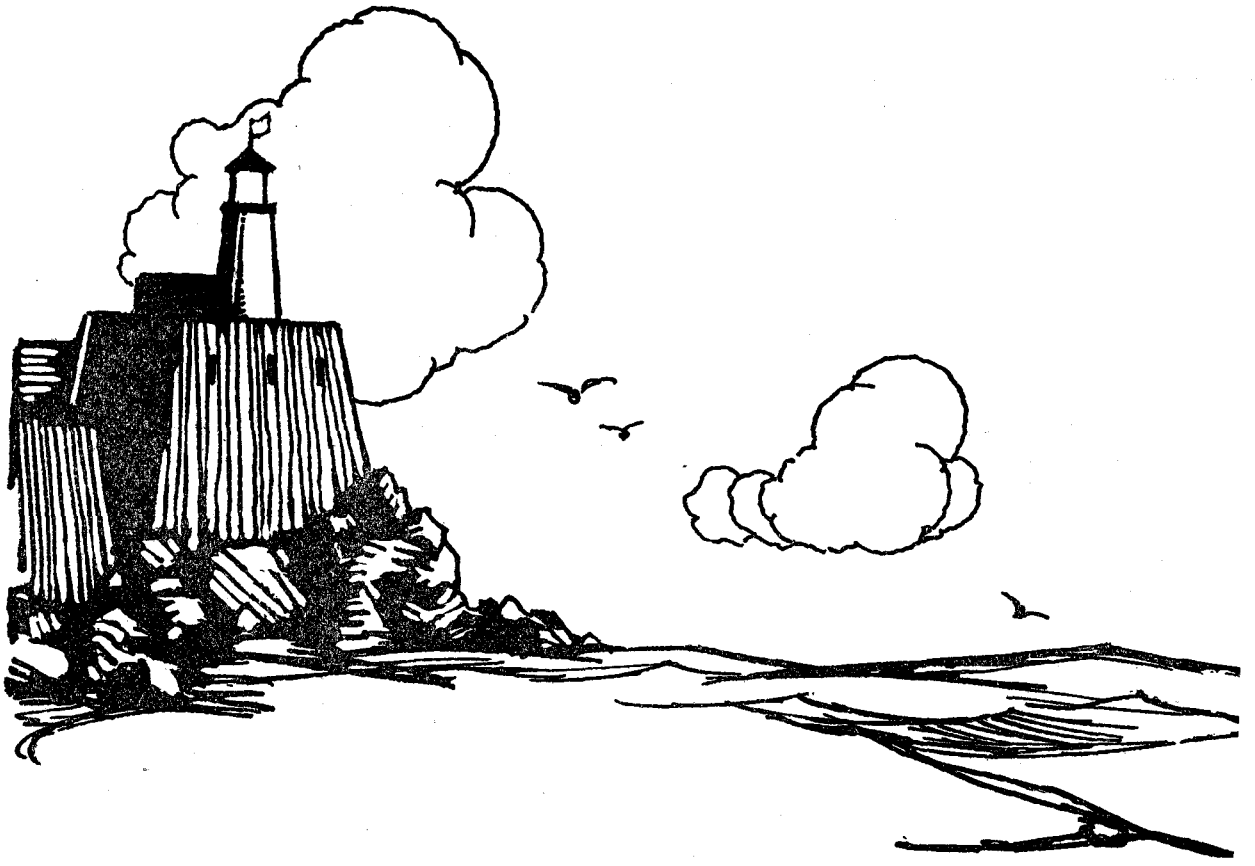

LIGHTHOUSE

BY AUDREY WURDEMANN

I

White house that we have built ourselves from granite,
White house on a cliff's edge above the sea,
With certain exiledom safely to ban it
From the world and the world's employment! Quietly
We quarried a high sea-home out of still white peace,
And starred its citadel with a warning star.
Light on the North Cliff! Light, and the light's increase,
Steadily upon the summit, far
Over the ocean. There is this to know
About a lighthouse: always we must keep
The guarded whisper of the undertow
Weighed in our ears, and always we must sleep
Aware of weather; hearing the wind, the rain,
We set the flares and turn to sleep again.

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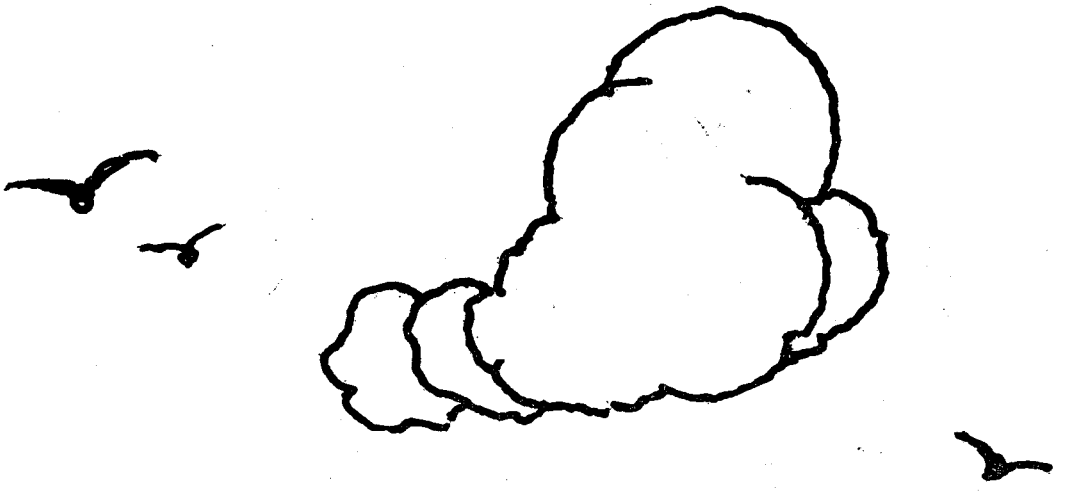

II

There was a pause too still for listening;
The eardrums ached with it, grew tight and numb,
And all the sea was soundless whispering,
Conscious of sound, before the sound had come.
No sudden gusts announce the season's error,
Only the gulls begin to mew and cry.
There will be storm out of this quiet terror
With only quietness to know it by.
Here on the rock we do not know beginnings;
Here on the rock the world is a low blue smother.
Some bright insistent clamor of the breath
Will take us unawares; as well another
Sea-lover loses for the grey sea's winnings;
As well a lighthouse leveled into death.

III

The gulls blow by the light like blowing snow,
Beat upward fiercely, beat down against their will.
Landward ahead of the blinding wind they blow,
Who seem as though they never would be still.
The storm is upon this tower suddenly,
Spending its power, whose power is past surmising,
Spending its frantic fever, and we see
The sky writhe seaward and the sea arising.
We know, keeping close together, that storms must cease,
No matter by what hard anger they begin;
After the storm the sacrament of peace,
After the sinning the forgiven sin,
And so whatever seas shall swell and shatter
Upon these rocks, we know it is no matter.

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THE EDITOR GOES TO THE FAIR

When you visit the world fair this summer you are likely to find me sitting absent-mindedly at a table on a porch in the Black Forest Village. There may or may not be a stein of good German beer in front of me. You will find me apparently oblivious of the smiling and vigorous dancers and athletes in folk costume performing in the courtyard and apparently indifferent also to the enticing *Grimms-Maerchen* cottages which surround the court, with icicles hanging from their eaves. Instead my rapt gaze will be upward toward the snow-covered mountains which encircle the background of the Village. Their cool slopes seduce the heart of the ski-lover like everything else in this little fairyland; the illusion is flawless. For here is the quiet of healthy contentment and supreme relaxation.

No doubt many of my Jewish friends will boycott this German village. Part of the allurement to me is the paradox that it offers. The same Germany which seems harsh and unlovely in war and in persecution exhibits this equally characteristic friendly and joyous, harmonious and beautiful way of life.

Other villages down the exposition avenue may please you even more. Old England offers banquets and pageantry, as smart in its restraint and competence as the Piping Rock Club. The Colonial Village reproduces dwellings famous in the stiff, starched social life of early American history. You may revisit in miniature Ireland of the warm-hearted colleen or Belgium or Italy; you may tour the Streets of Paris for a furtive glimpse of the world-famed fan dancers.

If you do not find me in the Black Forest Village, you may cross to the Island to the Federal Building and meet me in the room occupied by the State of Washington. Here a capable young woman of the Northwest will fill you with enthusiasm for the rich industries of her state. She is as calm and as rugged as the sturdy specimens of Douglas fir which give stability to this state exhibit. The splendid girls and the straight-backed, bronzed old men of Seattle, Tacoma, and Spokane are an even better advertisement for Washington than her giant firs, waterfalls, and mountains. The State of Washington is one of those places where a New Yorker would like to live, wherever the glaciers of Mount Rainier break the skyline. One would like to assist in laying the foundations of a civilization that a thousand years from now will be as colorful as those which on the other side of the Pacific stretch away in ribbons of gay color from the slopes of Everest.

Yes, there are in this exposition a thousand spots reproducing units of our own America quite as exotic, quite as stimulating to our thirst for the beautiful as are to be found in the picturesque foreign concessions.

Some day at lunch I urge you to find the entrance to the Trustees' Lounge. Present your card to the doorman and ask if you can see the Vice President of the fair, Mr. Charles S. Peterson. Tell him you read The Forum and remind him that the Editor lunched with him there the day of the opening. Charles Peterson is the prophet of the Century of Progress. He "started something" five years ago, when I was visiting Chicago, when one historic day he lured the leading politicians and business men of the city into the same room and organized the steering committee of the fair. This sandy-haired Swedish citizen of Chicago has the persistent courage that only Swedes understand and dreams the dreams that only Swedes can dream. His dreams are always accompanied by good music and good painting, and he has been an effective patron of both these arts throughout his realistic career in business and public office. He has seen his vision of the fair override depression and derision. His faith in Chicago is

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as indomitable as his belief in Sweden. His fantasy of the beauty of Chicago in the year 2034 probably surpasses the hanging gardens of Babylon.

Previews?

The evening before the reopening of the exposition I attended a preview which in its implications seemed to me to afford a striking contrast to the exposition itself. With other editors and many captains of industry I was the guest of Mr. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President of the General Motors Corporation, at a brilliant dinner in the General Motors Building. The speakers indicated that last year the fair recorded the progress of the last century; this year it turns toward the century before us. Speaker after speaker — scientist, industrialist, educator — painted with realism and with imagination the images and immeasurable possibilities of future production. Their hearers applauded, but they were not quite satisfied. For there was no answer to the silent question of the ultimate consumer. How are these products to be distributed? The mandate that night was the old, reckless voice of 1929: "Produce." At the hat stand after the dinner I met an ironmaster and expressed my dismay: "If you industrialists all take literally everything that was said to-night you will have a revolution on your hands within a year."

The speeches of the preview dinner came to a climax in the epigrammatic address of Dr. Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin. Dr. Frank gladdened the captains of industry in his audience by absolving them of blame for the depression. They had done their job well by surpassing the world's record for production. The fault, he said, was with the social sciences, which had failed to keep pace with progress. Radio time, unfortunately, did not permit Dr. Frank to explain what these delinquent social sciences are or name the social scientists who have failed in their function, nor did he offer any remedy. Instead, he criticized the Administration policies of restriction and denied the existence of proof that restriction of production anywhere has ever increased wealth.

This pronouncement brought the captains of industry to their feet cheering. Here was a college president, a man intelligent enough to be a braintruster, who had risen to the defence of industrial individualism. Now they could begin to produce again to their hearts' content. A guest at my table cried, "All aboard the bandwagon." To a man the audience rose and applauded Dr. Frank. If we had been a Republican convention we would have nominated Dr. Frank as surely as Bryan was nominated for his "Cross of Gold."

The consumer was not represented that preview evening. No one pointed to the great statue of the workingman at one end of the banquet hall. No one explained how these marvelous future products of industry were to be distributed. No one indicated who would purchase them and with what kind of dollar. The speakers seemed like a group of explorers on the outside of a fog slapping each other on the back, about to plunge in without chart or compass.

Mr. Peterson, Vice President of the fair, could have told them about his native country of Sweden, where consumers control their own production and depressions are something read about in the foreign news. Mr. Knudsen, Vice President of General Motors, could have spoken about the co-operatives in his ancestral Denmark.

Opening

By contrast, the next day, when I attended the opening of the Century of Progress, the fog seemed to have lifted. Here was something splendidly done, with rationality as well as with enthusiasm. Economically the world fair is sound. It is prophetic of one of the means by which the riddle of technological unemployment is to be solved. As education and standards of civilization increase, the slack of employment through labor-saving devices will be taken up by services — services which do not overproduce things but add to our mental and æsthetic progress. In its display of modern architecture and pure color and in its scientific exhibits the exposition is indicating new jobs that serve the contentment and mental development of America, adding not to the accumulation of things but to our immaterial wealth. Even the pure amusements contribute to the arts — and financially the fair is sound and better than self-liquidating.

H. G. L.

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THE SECOND CIVIL WAR

The Cotton South Against the Nation

BY PETER MOLYNEAUX

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TO-DAY THROUGHOUT the United States there is talk not only of recovery but of economic and social reconstruction. Certain advocates of one type of reconstruction — that of a "self-contained" nation — have suggested that the growing of cotton, the South's major economic activity, is one of the industries which will "have to be sacrificed to this new conception of the public good."

Even if there had been no collapse of the "new era," if the depression had not come upon us, the South would have faced a problem of economic revision. To-day, with the hope of recovery growing stronger and apparently nearing realization, the South again faces this problem squarely. What is the outlook of the cotton states under the "new order," the advent of which so many prophets are hailing?

The cotton states are 10 in number: North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. They constitute 23.7 per cent of the land area of the United States and contain 22.2 per cent of the population. While 27.5 per cent of their population are black and 63 per cent of the negro population of the United States are within their borders, they have 25.6 per cent of the persons of native white parentage within the United States. More than 48 per cent of the people of the 10 cotton states live on farms, and nearly 90 per cent live outside of cities of 100,000 persons or more.

Between the years 1920 and 1930 the total farm population of these states for the first time showed a decrease (of 190,710), which, though not considerable, has the significance of being the first such decrease in the history of those states. It is significant also in that it was accompanied by an increase of 189,814 in the number of farms operated by "croppers." A cropper, it should be said, is an absolutely property-less farmer who owns no land, no tools, and no work stock. He cultivates the land of a landlord, who provides him with tools, work stock, and seed; usually with rations for himself and family; and with a shack for shelter. In 1930 there were 729,200 cropper families in the cotton states, an increase of more than 35 per cent over the 1920 total. Of these, 338,800 were white, and 390,400 were negro families. Together they represent about 3,650,000 men, women, and children, the increase during the decade of the "new era" constituting nearly a million.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the dominant process in operation in the cotton states during the decade from 1920 to 1930 was one of progressive impoverishment of the farm population, especially the white farm population. This process was not due to exploitation and oppression by an owning class in those states, however. One needs only to glance again at the figures on wealth and income to dismiss any such idea. The economic set-up of the cotton states was proving unprofitable for landowner and tenant alike, even at the very height of the prosperity of the period. And, as I have said, the need of revision of that set-up was widely recognized long before the depression brought about general prostration.

II

THE FUNDAMENTAL cause of this progressive impoverishment of the South may be stated in a sentence as follows: For over a century more than half of the people of the cotton states have depended for a living, either directly or indirectly, on the production of export commodities, chiefly cotton, and have sold their products at a world price level while residing in a high-tariff country in which a relatively high domestic price level has been artificially maintained.

The leaders of the Old South were right

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when they concluded more than a century ago that the high-tariff policy meant the ruin of the cotton states. When 64 of the 67 Representatives of the southern states then in Congress voted against the tariff of 1824 and all but 2 southern Senators did likewise, they acted in recognition of the fact that the measure was "utterly destructive" of the South's interests. It is well-nigh forgotten to-day, but the first talk of secession in the South, the first proposal by a Southerner that the time had come to "calculate the value of the Union," was occasioned by a realization that the high-tariff policy which the federal Congress had forced upon the South condemned the cotton states to economic decline and perpetual economic inferiority; and this happened more than 30 years before the Civil War.

It might be said, and with some degree of truth, that the South's plight is the consequence of its fanatical adherence to an economic program which gives first place to the production of export cotton. An adequate reply to this would be that the South has had practically no choice in the matter. The question raised by Dr. Vance in a book published in 1932, "What cash crop can the South find to substitute for its native cotton?" has been asked, and has remained unanswered through all the years, and is unanswered and unanswerable to-day.

In 1929 the world produced approximately 29,737 million pounds of the 8 major fibers now in use: cotton, jute, wool, rayon, silk, hemp, flax, and manila hemp. Of this enormous total, which had to be sufficient to supply the needs of the nearly two billions of people on the earth, 52.6 per cent were cotton, and 56.5 per cent of this cotton were produced in the South. The production of cotton alone was about 7 pounds *per capita* of the world's population, and of this the South provided about 4 pounds. Incidentally, the *per capita* consumption of cotton in the United States is about 25 pounds annually, and there was left for the rest of the world of the 1929 crop, after deducting American requirements, less than 6 pounds *per capita*, of which a little more than 2 pounds was provided by the South. From all of which it will be seen that the other nations of the world depend upon the South for more than 40 per cent of their leading fiber.

The plain truth is that the cotton states taken as a whole are poor in comparison with the rest of the country because they have continued to buy most of their manufactured goods from the North and East, while devoting their own energies to the production of export commodities, and because the ultimate returns from their products are measured in terms of a domestic level maintained by a high-tariff system while the prices of their products are adjusted to a world price level.

III

From an importer of capital the United States has become an exporter of capital; from an importer of labor she has become an exporter of labor and must become increasingly such if the apostles of national self-sufficiency have their way; from a debtor nation shipping great quantities of goods abroad each year in settlement of payments on debt accounts she has become a creditor nation but apparently she is not yet willing to receive shipments of goods from her debtors in settlement of annual payments on debt accounts. Instead of seeking to adjust herself to all this the United States thus far has attempted to continue in her "settled policy," and since the World War she has put up ever-higher barriers against the goods of other nations. One result of this has been the dislocation of the trade of the world in a way and to an extent that have contributed very materially to the international collapse we have come to know as the world depression. If this policy is persisted in (and this is the whole burden of what I have to say here) then the economic and social problems of the South will become so aggravated as to be placed almost beyond satisfactory solution.

A continuance of the high-tariff policy in the circumstances, it seems to me, would sound the knell of all of the hopes of the leaders of the cotton South for any very material progress in the near future toward solution of its manifold economic and social problems.

To say to-day that the national welfare requires the maintenance of the high-tariff policy is equivalent to saying that the national welfare requires the irreparable submersion economically and socially of the greater part of the population of a whole region of the country. If this were true, would it not be in order to ques-

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tion the validity and desirability of a kind of national welfare which could be maintained only at such a price? I think so. But in any event the stubborn fact must be faced that regardless of its effect upon the country as a whole a continuance of the high-tariff policy must henceforth be more injurious to the cotton South than it has ever been in the past.

IV

BUT DO THE interests of the other sections of the country require a continuance of the high-tariff policy? Does the national welfare demand it? I think not. On the contrary I think that the interests of the country as a whole and the national welfare require that the United States shall abandon the policy of economic nationalism and henceforth follow a policy of patient and persistent international co-operation.

Between the Civil War and 1896, finished manufactures constituted between 15 and 16 per cent of the total exports, which showed no great increase during that time. But, since 1896, finished manufactures have constituted an ever-growing percentage of an increasing total of exports. For the 5 years from 1896 to 1900, finished manufactures averaged 21.3 per cent of the total. In 1926 they were 41.5 per cent of the total; in 1927, 41.6 per cent; in 1928, 44.9 per cent. In 1930, finished manufactures constituted more than half of the exports of the United States, being 50.2 per cent of the total. The total for 1930 was more than 26 per cent below that of 1929; 1931 was 39.5 per cent below 1930; and 1932 was 33.4 per cent below 1931. The current depression is unique in this respect, and is thus set apart from all other depressions of the past. No other depression was marked by any considerable decline of exports, whereas the sharp decline of exports has been the most characteristic feature of the current depression. The decline has been world-wide. It was international commerce that started on the toboggan in 1929 and continued downward precipitously to a condition of entire prostration. And I think it a mistake to imagine that the world can be restored to a condition of normal production and employment without a restoration of world trade.

However, let it be observed that it was during the period of the greatest expansion of American industry and of the greatest prosperity that the exports of American manufacturers increased at such a rapid rate. This increase must be considered quite as characteristic a feature of the expansion as the continued growth of the home market. How is it proposed to restore employment and purchasing power without a restoration of American export trade? And, in the face of the new position of the United States as creditor nation, how can export trade be restored under a high-tariff system?

The American frontier is gone; there is no hope of expansion from that source. The millions of the southern cotton fields and the other millions whose livelihood is bound up with the growing of cotton are without hope of such increased purchasing power unless international trade is revived. On the other hand, there is no region on the face of the earth where there is greater opportunity for the creation of new markets for manufactured goods by increasing the purchasing power and raising the level of life of the mass of the people, white and black, than is presented to-day in the cotton South.

No nation calling itself humane and civilized should maintain a policy that requires the sacrifice of what is essential to ordinary decent living by even a small percentage of its people. If the truth must be told, the South has already sacrificed too much in order that the policy might be maintained. It would be idle to say that the time has almost come again "to calculate the value of the Union" to the cotton states, because the futility of such calculation has been settled once and for all. The verdict of Appomattox, as I have said, still stands, and it must continue to stand. But at a time when so much is being said about making "a permanent readjustment of many of our social and economic arrangements," is it too much to expect this great nation to give consideration to the possibility of righting this ancient wrong?

To be published soon:
"Our Underpaid Professors"
by Ann Preston Carter

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JOSEPHINE ROCHE, COAL OPERATOR

BY MARIAN J. CASTLE

Portrait by Karl Woerner

THE WORD "liberal" usually means liberal with other people's money. Those who clamor loudest for a redistribution of wealth seldom have any wealth to redistribute. Cynics have long observed that the quickest way to convert a radical into a conservative is to make a property owner of him. But Miss Josephine Roche of Denver disproves all such sardonic generalizations about mankind. She was a liberal in 1904 when she was a hockey-playing Vassar freshman; she is still a liberal in 1934 as the President of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company. If she should be Colorado's future governor, it will doubtless be the result of this unique ability of hers to practice what she preaches.

For six years she has controlled — first as Vice President, then as President and General Manager — the second largest coal-mining company in Colorado. For six years, as the only woman coal operator in the United States, she has carried on a sort of private experiment in fair dealing.

Josephine Roche has always been as interested in society as she has been bored by Society. You will not find her name listed in either Denver's Who's Who or Social Register. It would be hard to imagine her — between trips to Washington and conferences with miners — whipping herself into a froth about which system of bidding to use and whether to snub or not to snub. Her clothes are distinctly What the Well-Dressed Business Woman Ought to Wear. She is the kind of a woman who is far handsomer in her forties than she was in her twenties. Her wiry, up-springing hair is almost white on top, but next to her face grows a strange, dark mourning lock that outlines the edges of her loose wave. Her smile, which completely undoes the seriousness of her mouth and the squareness of her jaw, is worth waiting for.

Her interest in people, all kinds of people, began early. Perhaps it started way back when she was a toddler and her proud father took her with him and let her perch on his knee during sessions of the Nebraska legislature. Her interest indubitably deepened during her Vassar days, when she did volunteer juvenile-court work, and at Columbia, where she acquired her Master's degree in sociology. Quite naturally this athletic, clear-headed young person with a passion for social justice gravitated toward juvenile-court work under Judge Lindsey when she returned to Denver and later on displayed her extraordinary driving power as a Belgian relief worker during the war.

Her specific feeling of obligation toward miners may have been awakened when she was a young girl. She had begged her father, then Treasurer of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, to allow her to go down into the mines,

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but he put her off with the remark that it was too dangerous. "But it's safe enough for the men — why isn't it safe enough for me?" she demanded of him, wide-eyed.

In 1913 and 1914 during a bloody coal strike in southern Colorado when miners and militiamen and deputy sheriffs were killed, there occurred the Ludlow massacre. In the course of the long-drawn-out warfare, a tent colony of striking miners was fired upon, and women and children who had taken refuge in the pits dug beneath the tents suffocated to death when the blazing canvas collapsed overhead.

Afterward, when some of these women of Ludlow were summoned to New York to testify before the United States Industrial Commission, investigating the strike and the massacre, Josephine Roche, the daughter of a mine operator, accompanied them.

II

In 1927 her father died, and she inherited his holdings, which made her the largest individual stockholder but did not give her a majority control. In order to put into effect the industrial program she had long believed in as sound and in the public interest, she set about acquiring additional stock and by March, 1928, she had control of the Company, becoming at that time Vice President, President in 1929, and, in 1933, General Manager as well. She immediately announced and began to put into effect, upon acquiring control, the remarkable contract between her company and its miners that completely changed the status of the latter.

The new order was not achieved overnight, however. Her first move was a shake-up in the official personnel of the Company to include men who were with, instead of against, her. The appointment of Edward P. Costigan, now Senator from Colorado, as General Counsel for the Company and the election of John R. Lawson as one of its directors and vice presidents, following close upon the adoption of the Company's new labor policy, completed the evidence of a sincere determination to create in the mines a new industrial order.

Mr. Costigan had been counsel for the United Mine Workers of America, first in the hearings before the special committee appointed by Congress in 1913 to investigate causes of the Colorado strike and later in the hearings before the United States Industrial Relations Commission.

John R. Lawson was formerly a member of the International Board of the United Mine Workers of America and President of the Colorado State Federation of Labor. He had been active all his life in the labor movement. His record of uncompromising courage, vision, and faith had brought him the devotion and complete trust of the thousands who fought and sacrificed with him in the years from 1910 to 1915 when labor was making its desperate effort to save the miners' union from destruction.

The miners were then told the Company was ready to sign a union contract with them as soon as they were able to organize. By summer the task was completed, and union delegates met with Company officials and negotiated their contract.

Other coal operators were stunned. Weren't owners and unions traditional enemies? No good could come of it.

In September, 1928, mine operations were begun under the new contract between the Company and the now-unionized miners. A strange pact, in view of the enmity which had long festered between miner and operator. This unprecedented covenant started out by saying that the signers were seeking a new era in industrial relations in Colorado and that they proposed to "establish industrial justice, to substitute reason for violence, confidence for misunderstanding, integrity and good faith for dishonest practices, and a union of effort for the chaos of present economic warfare." This extraordinary agreement went on to say that it would be the policy of the two parties "to defend our joint undertaking against every conspiracy and vicious practice which seeks to destroy it. . . ." *Our joint undertaking!*

Nearly a thousand men and their families were affected by the then-amazing contract. It recognized unions. It set a basic day wage of $7 (the highest in Colorado and the next to the highest in the United States). It provided for a method of arbitration of disputes. It improved working conditions.

The provisions of the contract were faithfully carried out. The owners actually seemed as interested in the rights of the workers as

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they were in their own profits. And then another change grew evident: the workers became jointly interested with management in the progress of the Company.

They talked union-mined coal wherever they went, for the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company was the only unionized company in Colorado. The miners canvassed the countryside, speaking in schools and churches. Organized labor took it up, through the State Federation of Labor, the Denver Trades and Labor Assembly, and the Building Trades Council. The slogan became: "Put union-mined, union-delivered coal in every union coal bin."

The response was encouraging. Three California unions took up the slogan of the Colorado workers, and sales of Rocky Mountain fuel began to increase on the Pacific slope.

In 1931 the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company hit a snag. Rival coal companies went in for homicidal price cutting — not an unusual occurrence in coal marketing but in this instance particularly fraught with danger for the union-co-operation program because of a semi-annual bond-interest payment the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company had to meet soon after the price war started. And then probably the strangest move of all was made in this strange campaign for mutual understanding and progress. A committee from the miners came to Miss Roche, saying the former believed the price war was aimed at "our joint program" and that they wanted to help break the attack.

The committee weighed the Company's financial obligations and returned to report to its waiting fellows. Discussions took place. The miners' answer was: "The fight is ours as well as yours"! They offered to lend to the Company one half of their pay for three months.

Rival companies were astounded, and the story went about that the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company was "taking it out of the workers." But the workers didn't think so. The fight ended in a victory for Josephine Roche and her company, and prices went back to a fair level.

The miners, with no disrespect to their President, call her Josephine behind her back. They seem to like working for her. For in 1933 the average daily production per miner in her company was 10.6 tons, while for all the mines in the state it was only 7.68 tons.

In 1932, a year after drastic wage cuts had been put into effect in other mines, first in southern Colorado and then in the northern field, under the provisions of the union contract with the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company a modification was made in the basic wage, reducing it to $5.25 per day — still 25 cents above the wage paid by the Company's immediate competitors.

Has the experiment paid? No bituminous coal-mining company has exactly flourished of recent years, but the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company has shown a gain each year. In 1933 its six mines worked an average of 175.2 days as compared with an average of 134.6 days worked by all the mines of the state.

III

DURING all these years, Josephine Roche has worked for more than just the welfare of her own miners. Why, she reasoned, if one mining company could achieve conditions of relative decency and justice, couldn't the whole industry do the same?

It was not, however, until the hearings on the coal code last summer in Washington that she began to see her dreams take shape. She worked untiringly with a group of union operators and representatives of the United Mine Workers of America on the various provisions of the code.

The unbelievable happened. The soft-coal industry actually agreed upon a code which is to-day healing one of America's worst industrial sores. Many of the very things in her own contract with her miners, for which Josephine Roche was scoffed at and even hated, are now included, quite as a matter of course, in the Bituminous Coal Code.

Her coal company no longer stands alone. Instead of being the only unionized company in Colorado, it now operates in a state practically all unionized and under the Bituminous Coal Code. Colorado miners are beginning to experience the freedom and advantages possible to them only under organization.

Perhaps Josephine Roche's specific pioneering job in achieving justice for the miner is done. But pioneers are never content to stop and gloat. Undoubtedly, this forceful, generous, restless woman will continue to push forward the frontiers of liberalism.

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AN IRISH PROPHECY

The New Social Order in 1916

BY JAMES STEPHENS

This letter, dated February 22, 1916, was written by the Irish poet, James Stephens, to his friend, the late Warren Barton Blake, formerly of *Collier's Magazine*, and was recently found among Mr. Blake's effects by his sister. From a vantage point eighteen years later, it seems to the Editor that certain passages may be of significance to-day.

YOUR LETTER interested me a great deal from the number of questions it aroused, and left me *fâché* because you did not attempt to answer any of them. Every question, of course, supplies its own answer, but not immediately: — it has to be grown up to, as a boy has to grow up to his whiskers. An answer is the fruit of a question, and until the plant is ripe there is no fruit and no answer. Our plants are not ripe yet but they are getting toward it, and already eager minds may set out on prophetic adventures. You will find that the majority of these soothsayers are forecasting what they wish to happen — nor is this in the least unphilosophic, it is the normal course, for the "wish" becomes in time a "shall," and the will becomes inevitably a deed. The job of a prophet is to formulate a desire, and if this desire is in line with the desires of man it must come true no matter what powers or vested interests are opposed to it or threatened by it.

So I will prophesy for you a new social order, and I name you that with the certainty of one who already sees his dream taking on flesh. What kind will it be? That I do not know nor does anyone else. All I will promise is a baby, and I can't even tell you its sex. Certainly the world is shouting just now with a masculine bellow, and it does seem that the child is being born of the father instead of the mother; but for me I redoubt exceedingly the female gender and the neuter that she keeps up her sleeve. All this is bosh, of course, barring that you and I are of the age that will enable us (if we live twenty years longer) to overlook two worlds which will have no further correspondence except that of memory. I am not a pessimist. I am the very pole of that, as I fancy you are; therefore, if I proceed to forecast immediate woes you will understand that I shadow them forth as immediacies and not at all as ultimates. Before you can make anything you must have *raw* material, before you can create anything you must have *chaos*. That chaos is due for after the war. Europe is going, for some years, to be exceeding poor. The standard of living will inevitably fall all

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over this part of the world, and with the standard of living there will go tumbling and sliding almost everything that was contemporary to it. There are already disintegrating powers at work, and these come not from below but from above. Education in England has already been threatened in the House of Lords. Female labor has thronged into the markets, child labor has been sanctioned, individual liberty has gone with a run, and the purchasing power of a sovereign is no more than ten shillings and will be less. Meanwhile (in England alone) after the war there will be demobilized (as combatants and munition etc., suppliers) over seven millions of men, and all over Europe the same thing but on a larger scale will occur. The social order we have will be unable to withstand this, these impacts. Trades-unionism will crumple up and go smash, so I think a little later will capitalism, as it is now known. The first thing after the war will be an immense European emigration, and the set of that exodus will inevitably be toward America. Canada, Australia, and Africa will absorb some of the crowd, but America will get the bulk, and Europe will almost smother her in paupers. You can't escape; humanity and water and economies all seek their level, and America will get her full share of the world distress. I don't believe that in the long run America will make enough out of this war to buy herself a cocktail. I'll shut up on that side, fearing that if I get really going I may never stop. A word more as to your mention of the "East." If the standard of living in Asia should rise on account of the falling standard of living in Europe then we will undoubtedly witness a great Oriental renaissance. The Eastern lethargy of which we hear so much will disappear with a change of food. The railroads and aeroplanes will see to it that the change does come. The world is about to organize itself as a world and the Oriental will be there and powerful and mighty fresh.

As to Romain Rolland — He is a fine man, but to the French people, who are living in anguish, and giving their labor and their blood with both hands, it may easily seem that his intellectual detachment savors too much of neutrality to be applauded. The issue is terribly real for France. Understand that if they had been beaten this time it meant the partition of France as it did some time ago of Persia and of Poland. When all Frenchmen are in the ditch no Frenchman has a right to be on the fence. No Frenchman or German or Englishman has any right to intellectual detachment in public. His nation claims his body and his soul, and he should not withstand the collectivity of his race. Call it "mob" if you please, but that mob cherished him and shaped him, and out of it he drew the entirety of his physical and mental sustenance. If he can do nothing more for his country he can at least hold his tongue for her. Solomon says, "There is a time for heaving rocks and there is a time for throwing kisses." Rolland's clocks are out of gear, and if matter in the wrong place is dirt idealism in the wrong time is dirtier. Certainly let the Idealist think ahead for us, as is his duty, and project for us the City of God full of fruit trees and sunshine and with love laughing in the streets; but let him not burn down the granaries that we must eat out of, or kill off the cows that will give immediate milk to our babies. I have a certain claim to detachment, as a member of a country that has been overrun by war ten thousand times, my country is scarred and unseemly with war, and my people have been booted into starvation and slavery through eight unending centuries, but this damned thing weighs on me like a physical pain — what must it be to those Frenchmen, and with what stupefaction must they read Romain Rolland's intellectualities and detachments and artistic idealities! To them with their sons dead, their brothers dead, their fathers dead, living in a maimed and mangled, one-eyed, no-eyed, legless, crutched and bandaged world Rolland must appear as a kind of blasphemy, the worst kind that may be. It is so easy to be gracious and detached and forgiving, but the others have their bellies blown out, and lie there in the rain thinking it over, and with nothing to keep them warm but love for their country and their kind. In the country that is *beginning to win* there let the Idealist talk, otherwise his place is with the guns and he must throw his life on the table as his fellows have done. That's rather heroic, I fear, and I apologize to you for it, for I am not a bit heroic, my nearest approach to the masculine spirit being that I've got a bad temper, and I would part with it for a *sou*.

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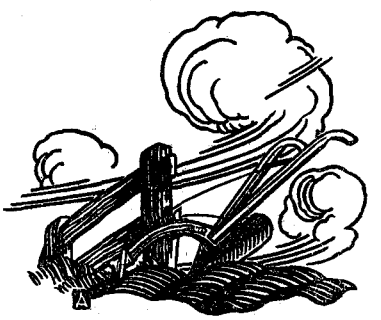
PORTRAIT OF A YANKEE FARMER

BY LEWIS SHERBURNE

THE NOON hour of the early midsummer day was hot. Even the birds, save for the mimicking catbird, were silent. From the porch where we were sitting the view across the pond, with Old White Face rearing its rocky head into the thundercaps, was beautiful and impressive. From a distance came the faint tinkle of the bell cow in the rocky pasture. The lazy grunts of the pigs back of the barn were more noticeable, and the cluck-cluck of a hen meant motherhood. The smell and sizzling sound from the screened window betokened frying salt pork. Across the road the new-cut hay, spread out to dry, sent an aroma which soothed. I had come back to the hills of my ancestors — all gone — and was sitting with one of their kind — he sprawled out in his red-painted chair, in overalls, sneakers, and blue shirt open at the throat, his tattered straw hat hanging on his knee. I had asked him about farming in New England. Let him tell.



"Yes, I'm eighty-two. That takes me back quite a ways. Always lived here. My great-grandfather was the first to come, along with about fifteen others. They called themselves Scotch-Irish. I understand his father was a weaver by trade and left Londonderry, Ireland, when the Irish made it too hot for them and the English didn't help out any too much. Of course they were Protestants. I guess that was the trouble. Well, you'd wonder why they ever came here, wouldn't you? But I've been told that some smart lawyer, who was quite a fellow at the time of the Revolution, got them to come. He had a grant — or something — of a lot of land up here and you'd be surprised to know that he had it all surveyed and cut up into lots on a plan; not like those city lots I've heard tell about but into hundred-acre pieces, marking some of them 'school' and 'church' lots. He brought all his customers with him, and they drew lots for their land and then had to pay him for it. Some different from those men — and some of them went from here — who went West, as we called it then, and got a hundred sixty acres of land from the Government for a dollar and a quarter an acre for cultivating it for five years, or free in three years if they planted trees on ten of the acres. And I've heard tell that the land agents wasn't very fussy about the cultivating and tree-planting parts of the bargain. Sometimes I think that land of theirs came pretty easy when I think of what my people had to do to get theirs. But I don't know as I'd want to swap. There was a Hawkins boy, born up the road, who learned to be a doctor, and he went West. He used to come back once in a while, 'to see the rocks,' he said, and I remember his telling me that his part of the West wouldn't have been settled if it hadn't been for whisky and quinine, there was so much chills and fever, 'shakes,' they called it. Probably it wasn't any worse than our lung fever.

"Anyway, this land here was all woods, and how they ever cleared it is beyond me. And when they got it cleared it was so full of rocks that even in my day they used to say that Ed Batchelder had to hammer the heads of his sheep down between the rocks up in his pasture before they could get at the grass. But they cleared the land, and when I was a boy you could look clean up across the hill there — and it's more'n a mile — and see nothing but fields, mowings mostly, all fenced in with stone walls. Now, lots of those fields have gone back to woods. There ain't as many people 'round here

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as there used to be, except in the summer. Lots of the boys went to the city to drive horse cars and lots of the girls went off to work in the cotton factories and shoe shops. It was easier to get money that way, and I don't know as I blame them but somehow I can't but think that if they only could have been contented to stay here the majority of their children would be just as well off and full as happy as they are to-day.

"City folks can't understand our stone walls. They're forever asking me what fools ever built those walls through the woods. Well, they didn't and they wasn't fools. As I tell you, when the first settlers came the woods was everywhere, and it was a big job to make a clearing. Most of the trees were old first-growth pine, a hundred feet high, and they would cut a strip, leaving a line of those big trees back of the strip; then they'd notch all the trees in the line on the side towards the strip, so that when the line trees fell they would smash their length through the trees standing on the far side of the strip. In the winter they'd burn up the smashed trees and then they'd have a small patch of land all full of stumps and rocks. The rocks had to be got rid of, and there's your walls. In time the stumps were pulled out. And I've heard tell how hard it was to break up prairie sod land out West! Probably it was, but still I think their land came easier than ours.

"I guess you can see it was slow work, but when men — and women too — worked from sunrise to sunset — and before and after — we didn't need any daylight-saving laws. When I was a boy I helped my father lay stone walls for some of the neighbors for a dollar a rod, that's sixteen and a half feet, and in those days a man would work all day for fifty cents and take his pay in a bushel of corn, which he would sling on his back and carry to the mill to be ground. No laws then about minimum wages — whatever those are."

II

"You see, back in those days, as it seems to be getting to be now about everywhere, it was a fight to get a living. Couldn't go to the store and buy canned goods and such like. Two reasons — no canned goods and no money. You had to get your living off the land, and if you got anything more in the course of a year it was a mighty little. And so my people — and yours — raised a little wheat, quite a little corn, potatoes, and roots; most everybody kept cattle, sheep, pigs, and hens. At first the wool was all worked up at home into our clothes, but when I was a boy and the mills began to get going men used to come around in the spring, collect the wool, and bring back the cloth. Their pay and the pay of the mills would be part of the wool. No money passed unless now and then when some farmer had quite a flock of sheep. Most of the sheep are gone now. Dogs ran them something terrible, and of course we couldn't compete with those herders out West, who were feeding their sheep on Uncle Sam's land. I remember how those fellows hollered when the government said they'd have to pay for fencing their ranges.

"Of course the cattle gave us milk, butter, meat, and hides, and there used to be a tannery. That helped some because we could sell a hide, and besides the tannery needed tanbark, and some men picked up a few dollars peeling bark. That's all gone now.

"I suppose the oxen meant more to the people than anything else. Every farm had an ox pasture, and you know I think there ought to be a monument somewhere in New England to the young steers and oxen. Over in the next town there's a savings bank, and when I was a boy most every farmer — every good farmer — had some money in it. When I read about millionaires I laugh to myself. I suppose they earned their money but they never could have here. About every farmer used to plan to sell a pair of fat oxen a year, and that meant from a hundred to three hundred dollars, and if a man hadn't any mishap to take that money it went over to the bank. That just about represented the limit of what a good, thrifty farmer could save if things went good, and when you multiply that by from twenty to forty you get what a man could save in a lifetime, plus interest.

"Take seed. I understand the government appropriates money every year to lend to farmers out west to buy their seed. A man who was in Congress told me once that a lot of these loans are never collected. Nobody around here ever seemed to think we ever needed any of that money. We saved our seed from year to

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year. Then there's all that reclamation and irrigation business. Nobody ever seemed to think we needed any money from the government for anything. I sometimes wonder why Daniel Webster didn't think up something of that kind for our people. Probably he was too busy defending the Constitution. Maybe we ain't farmers.

"Mind you I ain't complaining, but sometimes I think that this government of ours has done so much for those people that naturally enough they think Uncle Sam has just got to pull them out of every dry and wet spell, no matter what it costs. Of course you can't blame them, if they've been brought up that way, any more than you can blame a horse that wasn't broke right when he was a colt. Sometimes I think those people never took much stock in those worsted mottoes we all had, 'The Lord Will Provide.' Of course, most people around here never thought the Lord would help a man who set down in the middle of the road and yelled, but they did figure — most of them — that the Lord helped the man who helped himself."

III

JUST THEN there was a call from the kitchen, and my old friend asked me to have a meal with him. The table was set in the kitchen. I was introduced to the housekeeper, "Mis' Lovejoy," and the "hired man, John." We all sat down, and my old friend asked God to bless the food. Fried salt pork, with plenty of grease gravy, boiled potatoes, fried eggs, white bread and butter, doughnuts, cheese, and maple syrup — and plenty of each; two pitchers, one of milk, the other of cider. On the wall hung a colored map of Andersonville Prison. When I asked if it had any family significance I was told that my old friend's brother had been a prisoner there.

"Yes," he said, "my brother was in that place eleven months. I can remember when he came home. He had lost sixty-two pounds and had shrunk to eighty-two. He looked as if a breeze would blow him away. But he got better and lived to be seventy-four. Never had a pension and he wasn't a draft man or bounty jumper either. We had a Congressman once, who was a big man on the pension committee, and he used to stop here once in a while and tell my brother he'd try to get him what he called an invalid pension, but he'd never take one. Said he wasn't an invalid and wouldn't lie to the government for the sake of a few dollars. Somehow when I read about this disability compensation and all this row over the bonus I can't help thinking about that brother. I suppose most people nowadays would say he was a fool, but I don't know. Somehow I think he was better off without any pension."

I spoke of the food and said I thought it was excellent.

"Yes," was the reply, "we still plan to live off the farm. Of course we have to buy flour, salt, and sugar, although when we don't have company like you we still stick to our own maple sugar for sweetening. The old sap orchard gives us lots of sap, and we boil it down to syrup and sugar. We sold a hundred and fifty gallons of syrup this year. Fresh meat is more of a problem than it used to be. Time was when we killed our beef, hung some of it to freeze, and corned some. Mis' Lovejoy has tried canning some of it, but the butcher whisks through here once a week with a meat box set on a Ford, and we usually buy something from him. Of course we have our hams, shoulders, sausage, salt pork, and bacon from our own pigs while they last, and there is always a rooster or hen that can be spared. And we veal most of our bull calves. Then there's the pond. The perch and horn pouts ain't all gone, and in the winter we can get a mess of pickerel through the ice. We used to buy a few dried codfish that came in handy and we still buy them in those boxes they pack them in now. People don't make as many cheeses as they used to, but we always make enough for ourselves and lately we have been sending a dozen or so a year to a grocer down in Boston. We age them, and this man says he can get ten cents a pound more for them. You know I kind of pity a city fellow who likes cheese and has to eat those slippery things that I call a cross between poor butter and grease. The summer folks would eat us out of house and home on cheese if we let them.

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"Then there's the garden truck. We can a lot — all we can eat — and always dry and thresh our beans. We can get all the wild raspberries, blueberries, and blackberries we are a mind to pick and after we've eaten all we want we put down lots of jars of them. If you were here to-night for supper I imagine you'd have fresh blueberries, and cream — or milk. Besides the truck garden we've always kept up Mother's herb patch. You'd be surprised how many things we get out of it that help out in cooking and in the way of old-fashioned household remedies. We still save the goose grease and mutton tallow, and while they ain't put up as neat as some of those drug-store things they do the work just as well for us and they ain't taxable — yet.

"Another thing, of course your family must have brought you up on cider applesauce and mince pies? We still have them, and in the winter time when we are getting up our wood for the year and don't come home at noon from the lot a good cider-apple turnover with a big hunk of mince pie and a slab of old cheese will keep a man going till dusk and taste mighty good too. Then there's the nuts, butternut and hickory. Some city doctor up here once told me there was lots of calories or something in them. I guess all we ever knew was that they tasted good. I used to hear over the radio about reaching for a sweet or a lucky or something. Well, we go in for sweets some. Always have popcorn on hand, and in the winter Mis' Lovejoy has to pop pretty often nights. Sometimes she makes cornballs with maple syrup and she always has some maple-sugar cakes with nuts in them. Of course we have our pears, apples, and cider and make our own vinegar.

"Maybe you think it's easy to get together all this food we have. Well it ain't. It's hard, eternal work. Folks don't seem to understand what it means. Last summer I was out in the barn milking, and some college-girl campers came up for a quart of milk. One of them asked me how many times a week I had to milk the cows. I didn't want to hurt her feelings, especially in front of the other girls, so I told her, — it being Thursday — 'every Thursday unless it was too rainy to come out to the barn.'

"Now I read last week that those wheat farmers, who want the price of wheat derricked up to some five-year average, or something like that, with all the new contraptions in the machinery line, figure they can plant and harvest their crops in one hundred days. What I'd like to know is what they do the other two hundred and sixty-five days. That news would help me a lot in settling my mind on some things. Of course I've read that a few years back Southern California was a winter vacation spot for Iowa — I think it was — farmers. Gosh! I couldn't believe it; maybe it ain't true, but when I read about those hundred-day farmers I couldn't help but think of that line about Satan finding work for idle hands to do."

IV

"DID YOU HEAR that engine whistle just then? Well, that railroad was built mostly from money raised among the people along the line. I've got a stock certificate somewhere that my father bought. All he ever got out of it was a free ride on 'railroad-meeting day.' It's no good for even that now. Of course it ain't fair to compare western roads with ours. There were more people along the line of our road when it was built than there are now, and I suppose when those western roads were built there were hardly any people at all along the line. But the point to my mind is that the government didn't help us. It was all along the line of what I read in one of our old town reports. It seems a man had an article in the town-meeting warrant to see if the town would build a road up to his place, and it was voted that 'if he wanted a road let him build it himself.'

"We manage to pick up some money every year. I've told you about the maple syrup and the cheeses, and besides them we have a regular lot of butter and eggs to go to the village every week. We don't have to buy much and every year we have a little something to lay away. I still raise a pair of steers every year and as I have always stuck to milking shorthorns I don't have much trouble in selling my oxen for beef. Of course the price just now is awful small, but it's something, and I figure it pays. Probably it wouldn't

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if I didn't plan to feed my cattle off the farm. I can remember when grain began to come in from the West, and people used to talk about how foolish it was to try to raise grain here when we could buy it so cheap, but my father and lots of others stuck to the old way. You see, the trouble was that, while western grain was cheap, it took money to buy it, and most people didn't have the money. Most of the farmers who managed to buy it on credit found out pretty soon that the local grain dealer owned their farms. So we still raise and feed our own oats, barley, corn, hay, and some roots. If a man does this and doesn't overstock his farm, he wins out, year in and year out.

"Of course western beef hits us pretty hard. It took the old-time drovers off the road — those fellows with big wads of money and those long, brass chains to girt the cattle to help them guess their weight — and a lot of people around here went in for milk to ship to Boston. But I never thought it would be a good thing in the long run and with all the trouble the milk farmers are having now I ain't sorry I stuck to my red, roan, and white cattle. You see, just going into milk wasn't all there was to it. That was just the getting of your feet wet to be followed up with a bad cold and probably lung fever. What I mean is that drummers began to come 'round selling milking machines, cans, coolers, and all kinds of contraptions, so much down and so much a month. Then city inspectors came and began to talk about milk houses, manure pits, so many square feet of light to every cow, and such like. Then county agents hove in sight — government fellows — with a lot of book learning about feeding, production, rotation of crops, and what not. Now I ain't saying these things wasn't all right, but in most cases the milk check wasn't big enough to cover them all, and there was always the threat of cheaper milk from further off. It ain't exactly an idle threat, as I understand they're shipping cream now all the way to Boston from Wisconsin. So some of us stayed in the old rut, and we haven't got any conditional sales contracts to bother us, nor the rural mail carrier, either, who does quite a business delivering dunning notices.

"Speaking of drummers — they're wonders, if you listen to them. They don't bother me much now. You see, I never buy anything unless I have the money to pay for it. I read a lot about how that's no way to help business and that thrift is just as bad as extravagance. Maybe it is, but I wasn't brought up to think so and I don't think people will preach it much when, if ever, the money runs out so that those city people can't just walk up to some office, sign and swear to a card, and draw so much a week. You know I think it'll take a generation to live down the training the young folks are getting just from seeing their fathers and mothers on the 'welfare' as they call it. You might ask me what else we could do in times like this. Well, I don't know as I know myself because, while I've never had many of what you'd call luxuries, I've never been hungry or cold or out of a job. Sometimes I think it's like that time they tried to build the Tower of Babel. Sometimes I think it just was to be. So far as I know, there's always been a certain number of people who never worked and had to be fed by someone — bums, they call them. We've had them here, but now, so far as I can see, a bum draws just as much as some deserving fellow. We didn't use to think that was the way to do it. But I'm eighty-two and probably not up-to-date."

V

"Speaking of the banks. Of course we expect to get our interest and have our principal when we want it. That bank over in the next town I told you about, I don't suppose it ever lent ten per cent of its — our — money around here, and local farm mortgages were as scarce as hen's teeth. Back in the '80's it was loaded up to the eyes with western farm mortgages, and in '93 it looked bad. Of course we didn't know enough to start a run on it — perhaps we knew better; have it the way you want to. Anyhow the bank didn't fail, and I'll say this much: that bank ain't worrying about any western farm mortgages to-day. One bite was enough. And while I'm talking about it, I may say that everybody has been so crazy to get rich, banks and people too, it's kind of hard to blame anybody. This stock market business has got to have its ups and downs, or else there's bound to be a smash sometime. But probably a man who has never owed any money ain't qualified to have much of an

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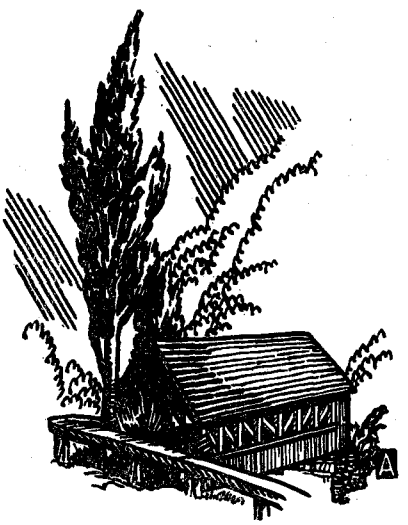
opinion, any more than the average old maid is exactly fitted by personal experience to advise a mother about bringing up children.

"Everything seems to be upside down for most people just now. Every day I read about it, but it's all in a world I've never seen. Here I am, an old man; never went to bed hungry in my life, except when I did so for something wrong I did when I was a little boy. Always been able to pay my taxes on time. Been to the Legislature three times, held about all the town offices at different times. Have had Governors, senators and other politicians stop here to see me, same as you. Always kept my pew in the church, although I never was one of the deacons. Never had a lawsuit. Tried to live a decent life and never had to ask anybody for 'aid,' as they call it now. It's been hard work every day in the year, and what have I got to show for it? Not much you'd say. Lived all my life just about the same as my people before me. What I mean is: the same old spring runs through the pipe into the kitchen sink; we still burn wood to cook by; still read by kerosene and go to bed in the dark or by candles which we make. I never needed an automobile bad enough to buy one. I'll admit I have a radio — sometimes I wish I didn't — and I take a daily paper and I don't suppose there's any harm in telling you I have a few Liberty Bonds that I suppose will have to be paid out of taxes, if there's anything left after the government tries to corner all the wheat, corn, cotton, pigs, cattle, and such like and tries to help every busted railroad and bank and to arrange so that people can pay their bills out of the Mint. You know, I never knew a man yet who could lift himself by his bootstraps, and if they don't put Uncle Sam into low shoes pretty soon he'll be trying to do it, if he hasn't already.



"What have I got to show for it? A decent, honest living, that's about all. But that's all I had a right to expect, so I haven't been disappointed. If you should tell people what I've told you, most of them would say: 'There's a man with no vision; tied to a cow's tail for eighty years; dead, and he doesn't know it.' Maybe they're right. But maybe they don't stop to think that where I was I couldn't do any better. There ain't any oil or gold in these hills, so far as anybody knows. No commission or committee has even been called on to investigate me or my life, unless it is some of these social workers. Probably they could find lots of fault with the lack of plumbing and such like. And that makes me remember that that girl who wanted to know about milking the cow told me she was going into that line of work. She ought to make good.

"What have I got out of it? Something more than some of those fellows who lived on Park Avenue — if that's the place — and had summer and winter homes from Dan to Beersheba. That something is that I've proved that a common, ordinary farmer in New England can live through all the depressions — hard times, they used to call them — from '73 down to date, without calling on anybody outside for help. That's my contribution to civilization, plus one thing more. I've got two boys and two girls. One boy's a lawyer in Boston, as I told you, one's a professor in a college; the girls are married and live in the city. When they come up — as I expect they will — to lay me away in the family lot, they won't find anything to be ashamed of in my life. And if they ever hire some fellow to write up their pedigree, he can write the words 'New England Farmer' after my name."

We moved out to the porch. The thundercaps had lowered on White Face, and from over in the west came the rumblings of the approaching shower. My old friend straightened to his full six feet and pulled his old straw hat well down to his ears.

"John," he yelled, "hitch Nellie into the rake, and I'll bunch up that hay. You cock it up like thunder. We can just about get it into the barn before that shower hits here."

Next Month: "A Woman Plows in Cotton," by Julia Railey

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DELPHIC WOMAN

Psychism To-day

BY CLAUDE BRAGDON

ONE PHENOMENON of these unprecedented times which appears to have been overlooked by even the keenest observers and analysts is the increasing psychism of women.

This excessive psychic sensitivity, which might even change the current of history, remains unchronicled. Perhaps the reason for this is because it is part of the secret life of women, and how closed and secret is the life of woman her very body tells. Another more obvious reason is the attitude of the purely rational and material-minded toward everything not sensible or demonstrable. But modern science, increasingly concerned with the imponderable and paradoxical, has already outmoded dogmatism: anything is now possible.

This psychism in women to which I allude manifests itself in various ways — wonderful, unpleasant, even repulsive — by mediumship, by automatic writing, clairaudience, clairvoyance, psychometric power, delphic utterance, "cosmic" consciousness: in all those ways, "white" and "black," known to students of the occult and mystical.

As the president of a theosophical lodge I have had for many years an unusual opportunity to gather the evidence on which my observations are based. For the cults are catchalls of those whose experience has contradicted their religious or secular teaching; they are looking for something which will explain themselves to themselves and help them to deal with new and unknown factors in their psychology. The very fact that cults are so largely made up of women is one more indication that something has happened to the sex. Furthermore, I was married to a psychic woman for seven years and number several among my friends, each one a magnet, as it were, to others similarly gifted — or afflicted. Further testimony in written and oral form was supplied by readers of my book, *The New Image*, which deals with these matters.

"Perception has a destiny," says Emerson: it is itself evolving. Now in this unfolding of consciousness, as in the evolution of forms, there must be moments of transition (short or prolonged), like the change from leaf to bud, from flower to fruit; or, under the influence of heat, from solid to liquid and from liquid to gas. The transition from sensation to perception, from perception to conception (reasoning power) are moments in the evolution of consciousness which lie in the past; but the transition from reason to intuition * is even now upon us. It manifests itself in woman most and first because she is by nature intuitive and because she does not oppose it. Man, because of that mind-idolatry which deifies the reasoning faculty, resists.

* *Intuition is synthetic reason, as reason is synthetic perception and perception, synthetic sensation.*

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For many reasons, of which I need mention only one, I believe that the present is one of those moments of transition. Ouspensky in *Tertium Organum* convincingly shows how the stages of the manifestation of consciousness (sensation, perception, conception) are correlated with spatial dimensionality; how each new faculty as it unfolds brings with it an awareness of another and a higher dimension of space. In other words, the dimensionality of space depends upon the development of consciousness, and space seems to us three-dimensional solely because we are in the third phase of consciousness unfoldment — "the age of reason."

But now advanced minds find it necessary to conceive of four-dimensional space (the space-time of the relativists), and an increasing mastery over time (the fourth dimension) is everywhere in evidence — man is becoming a *time-binder*. All this indicates that the fourth form of consciousness — the intuitional — is actively unfolding, bringing with it new powers and a new awareness. Everyone to-day is in a condition of strain, implying a condition of *growth;* old thought-barriers are breaking down, old thought-categories are proving inadequate; the world mood is pre-eminently one of expectancy.

II

In all the various efforts and activities incident to the establishment of a new world order in accordance with the new faculties in process of development, woman, compared to man, *appears* to play a greatly subordinate part. But she is, on the contrary, a factor of prime importance. She has her part to play, and it is a leading part. Her failure to realize this and so prepare herself for it and man's failure to realize it is the most calamitous thing which could occur, and it is the very thing which appears to be happening to men and women to-day.

Woman does not understand the disturbance of her psychic equilibrium caused by the play of powerful occult forces, but she yields perforce to their compulsion. Neither does man understand her. He does not even try but fights jealously and blindly that *something* in her which menaces his empire over her mind and heart.

Thus a tragic situation is created between countless men and women upon whom the future evolution of the race depends. Psychism misunderstood and uncontrolled is a more fertile cause of unhappiness than marital infidelity. A house divided against itself can not stand, and it is in the very House of Life itself that this issue is being fought out.

The pressure of the times is forcing everyone to think in new categories and to act from other than the old incentives, but new ideas fermenting in minds unprepared to receive them and unprecedented emotional experiences incurred by persons of undisciplined wills create conditions which take on the appearance of disease, mental or physical. For this reason certain of those in whom new forces are operating and new faculties germinating become the victims of horrible malpractice at the hands of a purely materialistic medical science: their "abnormalities," treated as pathological, soon become so, and thereafter they may be committed to sanatoria and insane asylums with every show of reason. Such victims are in a vast number of cases "psychic" women, and their psychism, which they can neither help nor successfully deal with, becomes the very cross upon which they are crucified.

Not that it could ever become the crown of their salvation. Psychism is a dubious gift at best, a thing from which everyone should pray to be delivered. But when it appears it has to be dealt with, and to deal with it as though it were a disease makes it one. Rather it should be dealt with as though it were the smoke from some spiritual fire, for that is more nearly what it really is. And, because a fire smokes most when it smoulders, psychism can be best transcended by an increased intensity of spiritual life, but by spiritual life I do not mean any kind of religious life. I mean only the life which becomes possible through a completely unified consciousness. Psychism is not a symptom of disease, but it is usually a sign of dualism; its effective "cure" is therefore not medication, psycho-analysis, mental "treatments," or anything of that sort but liberty of thought, action, and physical and emotional expression given and gained through love and understanding. This alone restores a unity of being which has been lost.

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III

BUT FROM THESE victims of their own uncontrolled psychism — and their name is legion — let us turn to the true Delphic Sisterhood — women in the possession of psychic powers who have not become enslaved by them. Most of these sibylline women lead sequestered lives and so guard their privacy that it would be doing them great wrong to make them capable of identification and thus put miracle mongers and publicity hounds on their trail. One can speak therefore only of the deceased and the completely dedicated — those who by their own election are known already. Of three of these I am at liberty, on this account, to write.

My wife, Eugenie Bragdon, now deceased, was healthy and normal in every way — a woman of intelligence, beauty, and charm. The awakening of her mysterious faculty occurred shortly after the death of her first husband, John Macaulay. The "news from nowhere" received by her at intervals thereafter I had published in a little book called *Oracle*, because these sibylline leaves seemed to me to cast an illumination upon life and to strike the true Delphic note of wisdom, prophecy, rapture. She was in almost daily exercise of her gift of divination, and I do not recall a single instance in which she was in error. She was also the possessor of psychometric power.

Nancy Fullwood, the author of *The Song of Sano Tarot*, is a living representative of what I call Delphic woman. She too can psychometrize objects by holding them in her hand. She once gave convincing and dramatic evidence of her power when a thing was given to her to hold the nature of which she could not possibly have guessed. For she started violently, saying that she heard a great detonation and that the air all about seemed to be filled with flame and debris. It was a fragment from the American battleship *Maine*, blown up in Havana harbor.

In the preface to *The Song of Sano Tarot* Mrs. Fullwood tells of the awakening of her clairaudience in 1917:

> I was living in the country in Alabama and was much alone. I kept hearing a strange word called to me from somewhere. At times the call seemed to come from within myself, then again it seemed from some far-off place. It had a ring and resonance which always attracted my attention. The word was Sano Tarot. It was pronounced with the final "t" silent — Tah-ro. Knowing nothing of the ancient Egyptian doctrine of equilibrium, called Tarot, the word had no significance to me.
>
> Many impressions entirely new to me came into my mind and I commenced to write them down. . . . What I wrote was far removed from anything I had ever known or heard of. I was born and reared in a Scotch Presbyterian environment and knew nothing of occultism, mysticism, or any sort of theory regarding life and its mysteries. I might as well have been copying a Sanskrit document. But intuitively I was swept on by its rhythm and truth. . . . As I progressed with the recording I learned that man lives in seven worlds, all of them focused in his own body; and that the prime reason for his being is to polarize these worlds within himself so that he may have domain over his own universe. . . . Among the first announcements was this: "The Spirit of Universal Love is abroad in the land. You have been ordained, not because of favor, but because of a balanced channel of physical and spiritual forces, to record a right royal song."

The Song of Sano Tarot is a book about sex in its cosmic aspect, which includes the microcosmic or human. Or, to put it in another way, it is a book about the universal bi-polar force, the positive aspect of which is represented on the human plane by man and the negative aspect by woman. Now sex in the modern world is the source of much emotional misery and physical disease and distress by reason of the disturbed equilibrium between men and women, sometimes amounting to a reversal of metaphysical function; and any teaching, from whatever source, laying a healing hand upon this particular sore cannot but be important. This book, the theme of which is "the balance of Forces," seems to me of enormous importance. Sex being so acutely a woman's problem it is not surprising that *The Song of Sano Tarot* should be regarded by many women in the light of a new gospel. Though burdened by a somewhat cumbersome and archaic terminology, it is one of a small but increasing number of books now making their appearance, all dissimilar but alike in this, that point a way out of that slough of despond into which a materialistic science has plunged us.

The third Delphic woman, Dora Van Gelder, I have already written about in *Merely Players*. She has been clairvoyant from her earliest infancy, as were her father and mother before her, and has had the added advantage of association as friend and pupil with the late C. W. Leadbeater, perhaps the most cele-

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brated clairvoyant of the western world.

Diminutive and slender, all "fire and dew," with faun-like face and a faun-like swiftness and gracefulness of gesture, she seems like Ariel or Hans Andersen's Sea Maiden, a creature exiled from her native element, condemned "in this harsh world to draw her breath in pain." Yet she meets life gallantly and joyously. Beset by so much to which most of us, by reason of our coarser fiber, are immune, she is free, on the other hand, of many of our emotional complexes and is awake to worlds of being of which we are unaware. Able to commune with those myriad consciousnesses behind what we call "nature," to converse, on occasion, with the spirits of the so-called dead, to see and interpret the human aura, Dora is yet so all-round a person that she is an excellent wife and mother, keeps house, drives a car, and every summer for a period of weeks prepares the meals for a camp of eighty people.

So-called psychics are often self-deceived and sometimes themselves given to self-deception. This is one reason why the whole subject is relegated by orthodox science to a limbo into which it refuses to look. But one who had known any of these three women well could not doubt but that she was in the constant exercise of faculties of the very existence of which science takes no cognizance. If the fourth form of consciousness, admitting to the four dimensional world — "the world of the wondrous" — is indeed in process of unfoldment, it would not be unreasonable to look for its indices in persons such as these.

IV

From my knowledge of the harm it may do, I am opposed to the encouragement of psychism and to trance mediumship and spiritism as these are promulgated and practiced. Nevertheless, when psychism develops as it were spontaneously, in some seemingly natural and inevitable way, it ought not to be regarded as something insane or abnormal. And when it appears to clarify the consciousness instead of clouding it, and is accompanied by manifestations of a superior order, judged by any standard, it should be known by its fruits; and if these seem good they should be accepted and made use of, not as "proofs of holy writ" but for what they are worth for knowledge and conduct.

In *The New Image* I coined the phrase, "the Delphic Sisterhood." It was suggested by those entranced feminine ministrants to the oracle at Delphi, through whom were delivered messages more reverently regarded and piously obeyed throughout the Hellenic world than are the fiats of kings, congresses, prelates, and captains of every sort to-day. By it I mean women of the modern world with sibylline gifts — those who by grace or effort have penetrated into some higher and more universal "layer" of consciousness. I contend that the brightest light entering the world at this dark hour shines sometimes through these Delphic Sisters, who, by reason of their sensitivity, their bi-polarity, or whatever that thing may be which accounts for their uniqueness, appear to be the manifestation and on occasion the mouthpiece of a consciousness far transcending their own personal consciousness — or, if that consciousness be indeed their own, transcending its purely personal phase or aspect.

Greece was never so glorious as when the action of its rulers was governed by the Delphic oracle. If those in high places should look to-day for light and guidance to Delphic Woman, things might mend, love and compassion might have their say. In the light of the breakdown of every man-made panacea for the ills which afflict us, this may not be such an egregiously asinine suggestion as it is bound to appear to the one-hundred-per-cent orthodox masculine mind.

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HEREDITY AND HUMAN AFFAIRS

Some Considerations on Modern Problems in Genetics

BY OTTO L. MOHR

ALL OUR inherited characteristics, hereditary traits of form or behavior, are due to corresponding hereditary factors, the so-called *genes*, which the individual receives at fertilization through the parent germ cells. An individual may carry each particular gene either in single or in double quantity, according to whether he has received the gene in question from only one parent or from both.

The genes are of different potency. Some are so strong in their effects that they cause the development of the corresponding hereditary characteristics even though present only in single quantity. Such genes are said to be *dominant*.

The majority of genes are weaker in their effects. Genes of this order, so-called *recessive* genes, have no visible effect when they are present in single quantity — i.e., when they are received from only one parent. The individual is perfectly normal, in spite of the fact that he carries the genes in single quantity (technically: in *heterozygous* condition). Only if he receives such a gene from both his parents, so that he carries it in double quantity (technically: in *homozygous* condition), will the corresponding hereditary character, say a malformation, develop.

The genes are exceedingly stable, virtually unchangeable. They meet in one individual and separate again when his germ cells ripen, without having had the slightest modifying influence upon each other. In his offspring they meet in new combinations according to simple numerical rules which are dependent upon the mechanism which governs their distribution and recombination during the maturation of the germ cells and at fertilization.

The sum total of all the genes we denote as the *genotype* of the individual. This genotype is irrevocably determined when the two parental germ cells meet at fertilization.

The sum total of all our personal characteristics we denote as our *phenotype*. This phenotype, our physical and mental personality, is a product of two sets of influences — the genes on the one hand; the modifying effect of the environment on the other: nourishment, training, infections, and so on. It will readily be understood that genotype and phenotype are notions which should be kept distinctly apart.

LET US START by doing away with an old superstition that is very hard to eradicate.

Nearly everyone has encountered the popular belief that if a pregnant woman happens to see the head of a hare there is imminent danger of the unborn child developing a harelip or even a cleft palate. Birthmarks in the child are traced to burns suffered in corresponding locations by the mother during pregnancy. Even temperamental deviations in a child are frequently attributed to the mother's distress or loss of temper during pregnancy, a belief that has caused much suffering and unfounded self-reproach among conscientious mothers. Conversely, I know of a case in which a rather intelligent husband systematically took his wife to concerts in order that their expected child might be musical, in contrast to the parents. No wonder that he was badly disappointed at the result of this treatment.

It should be comparatively easy to make people realize that such external influences do not penetrate deep enough to produce changes in the child, an independent individual that happens to spend the first nine months of life as

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a parasite inside the mother organism. Even the blood of the mother does not enter the embryo. But as a matter of fact it is very difficult to persuade parents that the fate of their child is in these respects irrevocably determined at fertilization, when the two germ cells meet. In dealing with these questions one is frequently forced to take refuge in the question: "Well, what do you think the child would look like if all the external impressions to which you are exposed during the nine months of pregnancy really left their trace?"

Another old superstition, that of the alleged harmful effect of consanguineous marriage, is now viewed in an entirely new light. An enormous amount of experimental evidence proves beyond doubt that intermarriage, inbreeding, has in itself no harmful effect at all. The astounding progress in animal breeding has been based mainly upon close inbreeding among the offspring of a limited number of prominent sires.

Here is the point: If a latent undesirable recessive gene happens to be present within the family strain, inbreeding will favor the occurrence of individuals which obtained the undesirable gene in double quantity — i.e., from both parents. In this case the corresponding harmful character will become apparent. Conversely, if the hereditary factors within the family are good, even close inbreeding will give a valuable offspring.

Intermarriage has frequently been blamed for the degeneration of old families or even entire races. Old families of the nobility, for instance, are said to be "degenerate," to die out. If we look somewhat deeper into the matter, this proves to be a crude fiction. The family line has simply reached a point where no more male family members exist, so that the family is propagated through the female members only. The paternal family-name line has come to an end; that is all there is to it.

From a biological point of view it is entirely irrelevant whether the genes are transmitted through male or female members. One of the most far-reaching achievements of modern biology is the definite establishment of the fact that men and women are genetically equivalent. Even the factors for particularly male traits of form or behavior may as well be inherited from the mother.

"Pure" Races

Race crossing has also been given as an important cause of race deterioration. Everywhere uncritical propagandists who believe themselves to be Nordic outbid each other in eulogies of the marvelous inborn qualities of the so-called Nordic race. It has been a repulsive spectacle, and the tragic consequences of this thoroughly unscientific appeal to prejudice and snobbery are seen in Europe to-day. To quote T. H. Morgan: "Whatever advantages some kinds of pure races may have from a political, religious, or militaristic viewpoint, this should not blind us to the possibility of the biological advantages that certain mixtures may bring about."

In civilized humanity, where cross-breeding prevails, pure races no longer exist. To quote another first-rate authority, W. Johannsen, the exponent of the pure-line principle: "From the point of view of a pure-bred dog, we are all curs." But be it understood that for general purposes a cur is on the whole much more valuable than most of the pure-bred races. The Pekingese may give pleasure to elderly ladies, and the bulldog may compensate inferiority complexes in some gentlemen. But these are special purposes. The word "pure" does not involve any general superiority.

Some people are proud when they are able to trace their pedigree back to the portrait of a remote ancestor. From a genetic point of view such "pedigrees" are merely comic. Disregarding possible cases of intermarriage, we have sixty-four ancestors already in the sixth generation. What does it matter to know one of these, when the rest, the sixty-three unknown ones are genetically speaking equally important?

If we try to construct family trees comprising all our ancestors we do not get far back before we meet persons who both socially and personally would be regarded as undesirable relatives by the present bearers of the family name. Such an investigation is not apt to promote our respect for so-called blue blood.

In the plant and animal world our knowledge of the hereditary mechanism has indisputable bearing on practical breeding. The inference is therefore tempting that by practical application of the same principles we might rationalize

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human breeding. But here we are up against very considerable, even insurmountable, difficulties. Clearly in some cases where we know the gene for a particular dominant pathological condition we may stop its further transmission by preventing the affected individuals from propagation. But this negative procedure is very limited in scope. The large majority of dominant pathological states in man are incompletely dominant, so that normal-looking heterozygous carriers escape detection. And the great majority of injurious genes are recessive, so in this case all the heterozygous individuals are perfectly normal.

In man, where crossbreeding and the contra-selective methods of medicine prevail, it is not to be doubted that undesirable genes are relatively widespread in the population. But in dealing with recessive pathological states it is of very little importance to prevent the few homozygous individuals from propagation. The gene will continue to spread through normal heterozygous carriers. In the United States more than 10,000 persons have been sterilized since 1907 because they were for one reason or another considered unfit to reproduce. An American committee estimated in 1919 that if real, practical results were to be obtained no less than 15,000,000 persons should be sterilized by 1980, starting at the rate of 100,000 a year and increasing the number to 400,000 annually. Lenz in Germany regards 10 per cent as a by-no-means-too-high percentage of sterilization. But he considers even "*ausgesprochene Häss-lichkeit*" (distinct ugliness) a proper justification for this procedure.

The effect of sterilization is at best very, very slow. One of the best-known recessive pathological states in man is ordinary albinism, lack of pigmentation of skin and eyes, which has an incidence of less than .01 per cent. If sterilization of every albinotic individual were carried out in every generation it would require, according to Hogben's calculation, a period about equivalent to the Christian era to reduce its incidence to one half of its present dimensions.

I do not cite these examples as arguments against sterilization. I think its application advisable both in the relatively few cases where by this method we may prevent grave dominant defects from being transmitted to the offspring and also where defective persons such as imbeciles or schizophrenic individuals are entirely unfit to serve as parents and educators of children, even though we cannot be sure that the children will be similarly affected. But I seriously object to the numerous unscrupulous propagandists who in all countries mislead the public by giving a wrong impression of the effectiveness of the measures recommended. It should likewise be remembered that in several cases, as for instance in schizophrenia, from which three quarters of our insane-asylum inmates are suffering, the productivity of the affected is by itself so limited that, as Nissen's statistics show, we must assume recurrence *de novo* of the genes involved in order to account for the fact that the disease has not been virtually eliminated by nature's own sterilization of the afflicted.

Can We Breed Humans?

The frequent reference to the unquestionable results of applying genetic principles to animal breeding is entirely misleading when it comes to the question of improving the human population. The progress within animal breeding is due to methods which are out of the question among human beings: namely, close inbreeding and rigid elimination of all undesirable individuals. By this procedure latent pathological conditions are intentionally brought to the surface so that the homozygous affected individuals may be eliminated without mercy.

Moreover in plants and animals we have definite goals at which the breeding aims — milk production in cattle, speed in horses, and so on. But what types should be preferred among human beings, and upon whom should the responsibility for this decision rest?

As matters stand, the actual breeding principles in human material lead to a production of a rich variety of different types. On the whole in a civilized community I think this represents an advantage. The highly differentiated civilized life needs a wide spectrum of types. Many individuals who from one point of view may be considered inferior and who would have no chance of survival in the free nature may in a civilized community range among the most eminent personalities by virtue of special abilities which here and only here may come

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into their rights. In English thoroughbred horses the simple recessive inheritance of blood-vessel breaking has been conclusively demonstrated. The famous sire, Gallinule, suffered from hereditary disease. The same is true of his descendants, the two Derby winners, Hermit and Humorist. The former suffered from a serious hemorrhage one week before his victory in the race, the latter died seventeen days later from a broken blood vessel. But nevertheless "Gallinules are always stayers," as the slogan runs in Ireland to this day.

It is frequently stated that the widespread application of contraceptive methods will lead to "race suicide" by lowering in an elective way the productivity of the best germinal material. As far as I can see we are not justified in assuming that the best germinal material belongs to a particular class. The very principle of Mendelian inheritance ensures that genes which have met in a particularly valuable combination in one individual in crossbred material will separate again when his germ cells ripen and enter into new combinations in the offspring. There is nothing to guarantee that the offspring will be on an equally high level, from a genetic point of view. But, thanks to the better opportunities, better nourishment, training, and so forth, it is much easier for individuals born in the so-called upper-class environment, even though genetically mediocre, to remain on the social level of their parents than it is for an individual of superior genotype to overcome the handicap involved in an unfavorable environment with limited opportunities. I think we may be fairly sure that good and bad germinal material is scattered pretty much at random among the different social strata.

At any rate an appeal to the intelligent and responsible circles effectively to increase their number of children is futile. The only way open to counteract an assumed selective propagation is to spread the same information among the poor, not for fear of their inferior genotype quality but because every child ought to develop in a fairly good environment and because this goal cannot be attained if we give the natural fertility its free course.

One of the most far-reaching results of modern biology is the establishment of the fact that the genes themselves, whether good or bad, are virtually unchangeable. External agencies such as infections, chemical poisons, alcohol, and so on do not penetrate deep enough, are not potent enough, to change the hereditary factors contained in the germ cells of the individual. The germ cells constitute a "state in the state," well protected from those external influences which cause changes of the body.

It cannot be denied that the establishment of this fact is somewhat disillusioning. All the valuable acquirements which conscientious parents accumulate in the course of their lives are genetically a dead investment. Conversely, however, the same apprehension involves considerable consolation. Neither are our evil acquirements visited upon our children genotypically. They create a bad environment for the children; it is here their fatal consequences are to be sought. Each individual, each personality, is a product of two sets of influences — the genes on the one hand; the surroundings, the environment, on the other. Valuable genes may in a bad environment be hampered in their manifestation. Badly nourished animals give low milk production, however valuable genes they may carry for that function. Conversely, a good environment may in many cases effectively counteract, eventually suppress the influences of undesirable genes.

We must not be so fascinated by the importance of the genes that we overlook this fundamental interrelationship. To join in the attempts to correct the internal and external environmental evils is and remains the outstanding vocation of those who desire to make the lives of men happier and who have not in these distressing times lost their hopes and belief in the progress of humanity.

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HOME WEDDING

A Short Story

BY DORA AYDELOTTE

BARBRY had her hands in the dough when Hetty Mills called, "Your skirt's all basted together now. Better come try it on." Tired of quitting her work to have something else fitted, Barbry flounced in impatiently, shrugging out of her dress. "I'd rather just run off and get married like Aunt Min did and save all this stewing around."

With her mouth so full of pins that she bristled like a porcupine, the dressmaker could not speak. But her eyes, a pale, boiled-goozberry green, rolled in horror.

"You ought to be ashamed to say such a thing," rebuked Ma, "when we're doing all we can to give you a nice wedding and having your outfit made."

Ma was good at plain sewing, but she was afraid to tackle fancy things, so they'd hired Hetty Mills, the old-maid dressmaker from Todd's Point, to come and sew by the day. The little room off the kitchen was fixed up for a sewing room. Hetty "cut out" on the dining-room table, her mouth working fantastically as her big scissors slashed through the goods. Ma said you could tell where Hetty'd gone to by the trail of threads and pieces she left behind. Pins and snips of goods and flimsy, tissue-paper patterns scattered all over the place.

"I'm too stout to get up and down so much," complained Hetty. "My knees 're all blisters now. If you'll get up on the dining-room table I c'n tell better how the skirt looks. Them seven-gore skirts are apt to swag." She and Ma fussed around, pinning and basting, twitching the draperies this way and that.

The side door suddenly opened, and Pa burst in with Con right behind. "Get out of here!" Ma shrieked in horror. "This ain't no place for menfolks." They fled in red-faced confusion.

If she and Con hadn't been an engaged couple and about to be married, Barbry would have felt mortified to death. It was dreadfully embarrassing anyhow. There she stood in her corset cover, with just the skirt of her wedding dress on and her arms all bare.

Poor Pa kept trying to smooth it over, saying he just brought Con in without thinking, and they backed out before Con had a chance to look. Barbry was dressed as proper as anybody, for all he could see. But Ma couldn't get over it all day. After that they tried things on in her room or in the little sewing room.

Hetty made the brown silk first — to get her hand in, as she said — before she would touch the lengths of white China silk for Barbry's wedding dress. She took extra pains on both — pinking the seam edges, feather-stitching the whalebone in, doing all the fine work by hand. Ma thought four dollars for the two was a lot to charge. Of course, she admitted, a wedding dress was extra work, but she'd always heard Hetty Mills was reasonable.

Right after Hetty packed up her sewing things — the fat pincushion that somehow looked like her, the tape measure, and the thimble she was always losing — and went back to Todd's Point, Ma pitched in and cleaned house from one end to the other.

Then at the first cold spell Pa butchered three hogs, and that made extra work. Lots of fun, though, with so many there to help and so much going on.

Minnie crying because she felt so sorry for the poor pigs. Bill and Jimmie and the Heitmyer boys running around, blowing up the bladders for balloons, gnawing on fried spareribs, getting in ev'rybody's way.

Trying out the lard in great iron kettles in the yard, the smoke of wood fires blowing in their eyes. Grinding a tubful of sausage meat, making crocks of headcheese. Hanging great sides of bacon and mighty hams in the smokehouse, where a hick'ry fire smoldered fragrantly.

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Soon as the butchering was done Ma made a big jar of mincemeat. Then she fixed over Minnie's pink albatross and her own black silk and made new shirts for the boys. No wonder Ma never had any flesh on her bones, working like she did.

II

ALL AT ONCE it was November, and crops all in. Reaped fields sinking back to rest. Woodlands a living flame of color. The big maple by the house rustling its bright leaves, like a lady in a gay new dress. . . .

Waking at daybreak, Barbry heard the cry of wild geese overhead . . . That meant a change of weather. The sun came peeping in, lighting the tangled, golden web of Minnie's hair.

It came over Barbry in that moment how dear Minnie was to her. Maybe because she was the delicate one of the fam'ly, and Ma had always said, "Now, you must take good care of little sister." Barbry had dressed her, combed and curled her shining hair, carried her piggy-back over rough roads, helped her with her lessons, fought her battles at school.

Seemed like she'd sort of grown away from Minnie that summer. Not that she meant to, but when Con came they liked to be to themselves. And there'd been so much to do, putting up extra fruit and veg'tables, helping Ma with the sewing — they made six of ev'rything for her trousseau, all nice longcloth and muslin with lots o' tucks and insertion and yards of embroidery on the petticoats.

Now she was leaving that little room under the eaves — leaving Minnie and all her dear folks and going away with Con. Not far — just five miles southeast to the old Tousey place. But no matter where Con went she'd follow. It was like some poetry she read once and learned off by heart. She liked the last verse best:

> And o'er the hills, and far away
> Beyond their utmost, purple rim,
> Beyond the night, across the day,
> Thro' all the world she followed him.

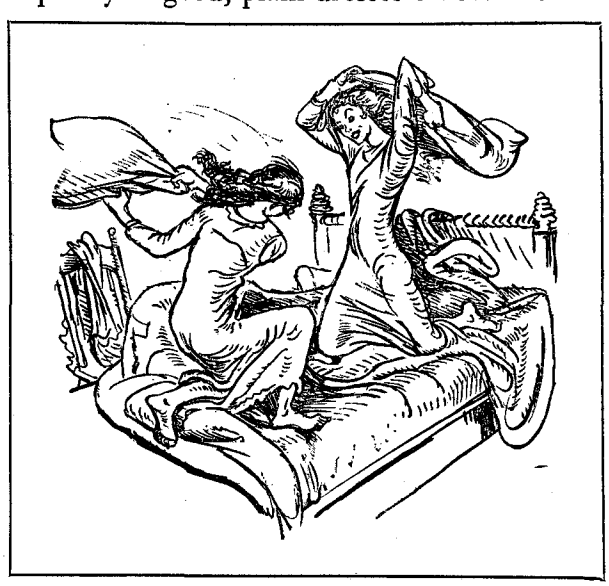
She said it to Con one night when they were coming home from an ice-cream sociable. Moonlight always made her feel like saying poetry. He laughed teasingly and said well, it was all prairie 'round there, and he wouldn't try to farm it in hilly country anyway. So she needn't expect to follow him fu'ther than the next township anyway. Then he put his arm around her and said she mustn't get mad — he'd take it all back. He just talked that way for fun.

Maybe Con would get to be like his father — always joking and making light of things. But she loved him anyway — loved his blue eyes, his quick, flashing smile, his thick mop of wavy, brown hair. It was always her fault when they quarreled. She would fly off the handle too quick . . .

Minnie jumped out of bed and began to dress. "Goody," she cried, prancing happily, "I c'n stay out of school today 'cause it's your wedding." Barbry threw a pillow at her, and for old times' sake they romped through a farewell pillow fight.

Barbry's wedding dress hung in the closet. She had to peep in and touch again its softly shimmering folds. Lace stood out wing-like on the shoulders, frothed into ruffles at the wrists. The skirt was long and full, reaching to her toes. She had wanted a train on it, but, as Ma Miller sensibly reminded, a farmer's wife didn't have much chance to sashay around in long trains. Better have something useful that she could wear for best next summer.

Maybe Ma was right, but Barbry did wish she could have one foolish, pretty thing to wear. A nice boughten tea gown, maybe, all trimmed in lace and ribbon. But Ma soon talked her out of that notion. "My land, what you want of such a thing? A tea gown's no earthly use to a farm woman. What you need is plenty of good, plain dresses that'll wash."



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III

AUNT PINKY bounced up from the breakfast table and gave Barbry a hearty kiss. "You've got a nice day for the wedding. 'Happy is the bride the sun shines on.'" Cousin Hallie stared in admiring awe. Here *she* was seventeen and didn't even have a beau yet!

The weather didn't mean a thing, scoffed Ma. It rained pitchforks and plow handles the day she was married, and she didn't know but what they'd been happy as most. Well, Aunt Pinky rejoined, come to think of it, *she* didn't have a nice day, either, for her wedding. It was in the dead of winter, and the preacher got his ears frostbit riding to their house.

"There you go again," teased Pa. "I don't b'lieve you womenfolks talk about another thing. Wedding's the first thing I hear of mornings and the last at night." He leaned over and tweaked gently at Barbry's ear.

All Aunt Pinky's folks were invited to the wedding. But Uncle Lon couldn't very well get away from the deepo, and Orphy'd been out six weeks with the measles, so Aunt Pinky didn't want her to miss any more school.

Uncle Wash Warren and Aunt Jennie were coming all the way from Shobonier for the wedding, but they wouldn't get in till afternoon. That was all the close kin to come from away. Saussmans didn't count — they were just cousins twice removed.

Ma fairly shooed the folks away from the table. "I don't want to hurry you, but you know how it is. Always so much to do at the last minute."

Gramma Warren and Aunt Min came over early, so they could help. Barbry's namesake, little "Bobby," tagged her like a small and chubby shadow. The folks kept telling Barbry she mustn't work too hard and wear herself out. Bride ought to look her best at the wedding. She didn't look much like a bride now, flying around in a faded, blue calico, her hair slicked back tight.

Once Con had said quite seriously, "I know the groom ain't supposed to have much say-so about the wedding but I want to ask just two things. Don't invite Jud Beasley and don't put on a lot of fuss and feathers."

He was heatedly informed that she wouldn't *think* of asking Jud. Why, she hadn't seen him to speak to since that night of the box supper 'way last winter. And Con ought to know by this time they were just going to have a simple home wedding. Fuss and feathers, indeed! That was just like a man.

High-noon weddings were all the style, with what they called a "breakfast" afterward. Barbry wanted to have her wedding at that fashionable hour, but all the folks opposed it.

"I don't know where you get such hifalutin' ideas," fretted Ma. "High noon ain't nothing in the world but twelve by the clock. And breakfast's a meal to eat before you go to work." Gramma said noon weddings might be all right for city folks, but for her part she liked a wedding later in the day. Aunt Min gently hinted that it was Barbry's wedding after all and if she wanted it then . . . but they finally decided to have it at night, about eight o'clock.

Aunt Min had been to a wedding in Fidelity where they had the nicest lap supper — baked ham and scalloped oysters, light rolls and chicken salad, coffee and ice cream and cake. Ma thought that would be nice, only she'd have roast turkey instead of ham. And hot mince pie, besides the cream and cake. "Ice cream's more stylish," she admitted, "but this time of year give me hot mince pie and coffee ev'ry time." . . .

IV

AFTER LODIE GREEN went to town for the oysters he was in and out of the house, fetching extra chairs, going to the neighbors to borrow whatever else was needed. He tried to tease Barbry by whistling painfully off key "Here comes the bride," whenever she came near. Or asking with his most annoying squint if she thought Con could stand her cooking more'n a month. When he knew she was as good a cook as Ma, almost, in some things. But on this day of days it would take more than Lodie's badgering to make her mad.

Right after dinner Con came to get her trunk. Said he thought it might be handier taking it over now. "Oh, you just wanted an excuse to see Barbry," teased Aunt Min. Ma stood looking after the little trunk, wiping her eyes on an apron corner.

"Now, Ma," coaxed Barbry.

"I promised not to cry at the wedding,"

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Drawings by James Daugherty

reminded Ma, "and I won't. But this is dif'rent. Seeing your trunk go made me realize—" she choked up and hurried in the house.

Ma wasn't the kind to cry easy. But here lately she'd got to looking sort of wet-eyed, spesh'ly if anything was said about the wedding. One day she broke down and cried. "You're so young to be leaving home," she sobbed, "and I'll miss you terrible."

Barbry wept in sympathy, her head on Ma's breast. "I'll be right near," she consoled. "'Tain't like we were moving off to Kansas. Please, Ma, promise me you won't cry at the wedding. I can't stand it if you do. And besides, it makes your nose red on the end."

She couldn't see why Ma thought she was too young, when she was eighteen in September and tall for her age. Lots of girls were married and settled down by then.

And, living close by, she could visit back and forth with her folks. They did have it all fixed to live in the tenant house on the Mulfinger place till Con could get more ahead. But Pa Miller changed their plans. He came in one rainy evening, mud-spattered and cheerful but strangely silent. (Ma said afterward she knew by the way Pa looked he had something on his mind.)

While they were sitting around in the kitchen after supper he put down his pipe and spoke. "Barbry, how'd you and Con like to live on the old Tousey place?"

"O, Pa!" she cried. "*Honest?*" Her sewing things flew wildly as she leaped, wrapping him in a strangling hug, kissing him on his bristly mustache until he yelled, "Murder! Help!"

"Mercy sakes!" exclaimed Ma. "Both of you ca'm down. What with so many things on my mind I clear forgot this was the day of the auction. Pa, did you really bid in that farm?"

He nodded proudly. "House, land, and all. Lock, stock, and bar'l, just as she stands. Got the furniture too, so you can move right in."

When Con came in later he took the great news quietly. Shook hands with Pa and said he was ever so much obliged and he'd do his best to make the place pay. He and Pa sat and talked business till Barbry felt neglected. After the folks went to bed she and Con stayed up, talking and planning, rejoicing over their good luck, until the clock struck eleven and Ma called from her room, "You young folks better say good-night."

Barbry had always loved that little cottage. Four rooms and a good cellar and a bay window on the south where old Miz' Tousey used to keep her plants in wintertime. She was a beautiful housekeeper, and the place was clean as wax. After the old lady died her cousins out in Ioway wanted everything sold off. That's how Pa come to buy the place.

Con's mother saved all her best pullets for them and a fine young rooster, so they'd have a nice little flock to start with. Old Barney

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promised them a cow and some pigs and maybe a good work horse.

Gramma gave them four of her nice quilts, besides the one she'd promised to whichever got married first. Aunt Min gave them sheets and pillowslips and a pair of red, wool blankets for their bed. And Ma gave them just about ev'rything on the place — canned stuff, hams and bacon and lard, a good featherbed and bedding, two rag rugs. . . .

V

THE HOURS slipped away. This time to-morrow, thought Barbry, she'd be keeping house for Con . . . Uncle Wash and Aunt Jennie arrived, to be welcomed by an excited household and escorted to their room. Opal Smart came early to help Barbry dress. She and her fellow, Gus Coonrod, were going to stand up with the bride and groom.

The little room under the eaves was all bustle and confusion as the bride's toilet progressed. Aunt Min hunting around for "something borrowed and something blue" to go with the important "something old and something new." Hallie offered her set ring. Minnie's blue hair bow adorned the bridal petticoat. Barbry wore Ma's old, gold breastpin, and all the rest was new.

Rich scents of food came drifting up. Coffee simmering in the big wash boiler. Turkey, oysters. Spicy lure of mince pies warming in the oven.

Doors were slamming. Footsteps marched heavily through the house. Minnie kept dashing upstairs to report the arrival of more guests. "Saussmans just now come." Another breathless entrance — "The preacher's here." A later bulletin — "Con's here, and his folks. Aren't you going to have the wedding now?"

Ira Slimpin's new wife (she that was Miss Sue Miggles) at the cottage organ, playing the wedding march. That was the signal to start down. Barbry lingered for a final glance in the mirror. Could this be she — this red-lipped, starry-eyed creature all in white? Was she really as good-looking as all that? Or was it just the powder she had on?

Con was waiting at the foot of the stairs, looking solemn and scared to death. He wouldn't even smile. The parlor was crowded to the doors. Barbry tried to fix her gaze on the hanging lamp's twinkling prisms. But she couldn't help seeing Con's mother, looking teary around the eyes already. Barney without a grin for once, solemn as an owl. Her own folks — no, she mustn't look.

Brother Beamer stood before them, a book open in his hand. Was this her own voice answering so faintly, "I do"? Con's response came firm and clear, "I, Conrad, take thee, Barbara" — only he forgot and said "Barbry."

When it was time for him to say, "With this ring I thee wed," the gleaming circlet eluded his nervous grasp and spun across the floor. Barbry defied wedding etiquette by laughing right out loud. She couldn't help it. Con looked so funny, staring after that rolling, golden hoop.

True to her word, Ma held her head up and smiled gamely all through the ceremony. But Pa — good-natured, jolly Pa, who had kept pretending all along he'd be thankful to have his big girl married off — stood there with his arms folded, his mouth held tight, his dark eyes dim with tears.

It nearly broke Barbry's heart to see her Pa. He looked so sad, so pitiful some way. Like he felt all broken up over her leaving home. She didn't know he cared like that. And when all the fam'ly came swarming up, Pa took hold of her hand and said, "Daughter" — and could say no more.

Cheerful hubbub of talk and laughter. Con's mother batting back the tears as she hugged Barbry and Con. Barney's booming laughter as he greeted his new daughter with a kiss. Gramma smiling fondly on her young folks. Aunt Min's tender kiss. Ma's gray eyes misting over as she took Barbry in her arms and said to Con, "Take good care of her." Uncle Ed vowing he never did know whether he ought to kiss the groom and shake hands with the bride or vice versy. Only he'd a heap rather kiss the bride.

Tableful of presents in the sitting room. Half the time Barbry couldn't remember who gave which, so she told ev'rybody. "It's just lovely — the very thing we need." Her dazzled eyes roved over a medley of fancy pillow shams and towels; berry spoons, cream pitchers, and sugar bowls; twin vases decorated in swollen, pink roses; glass water pitcher and set of goblets; red chenille table cover. Knives and forks from Pa and Ma, spoons from Minnie and the

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boys. A Bible from Gramma, with a place inside for the Family Record. (Some of the girls giggled shamelessly over that Record.) Tablecloth and napkins from Aunt Min and Uncle Ed and little Barbry.

Saussmans' present must have cost a lot. A glittering, silver soup ladle and a huge tureen with flowers on the side. Some unkind guest snickered that it would do to mix the bread in, anyway.

Some of the neighbor women stayed in the kitchen to help Lodie's wife, so Ma could sit at the bride's table with the fam'ly. Girls from Barbry's Sunday-school class passed the plates around. The lap supper was lovely, folks kept saying. Miz' Pete Coonrod worried because she didn't have any lap to speak of, and her plate kept sliding off. The widow Riddick ate like she was starved, and so did poor Tillie. Gone without their supper, like as not, so as to do justice to the wedding feast.

The bride's cake, a towering structure iced in gleaming white, graced the center of the table. The girl whose slice held the ring would be married soon. The one who found the tiny thimble was doomed to spinsterhood. Tressie Saussman giggled delightedly when she found the ring. "Oh — looky! I'm the next one to get married!"

VI

All through supper Con kept hinting that he knew a good joke. Finally he let them in on the secret. "I sort of let it be known that we'd be staying here to-night. Some of the boys'll be along pretty soon to give us an old-time shivaree. We'll slip on home before they find out any better."

"Yes," Ma retorted, "but what about us? All that whooping and yelling and banging on tin pans! And you know yourself they won't quit till they get a treat." She didn't like it very well, but Pa chuckled and said it was a cute trick. He'd see the boys got ice cream and cake and mebbe some sweet cider too. "Just so you don't pass around any of my good mince pies," warned his wife.

At stylish weddings the bride always changed to her going-away gown. Barbry thought that would be nice — only it would look silly to put on her brown silk just to ride five miles down the road. It wasn't a going-away gown anyhow. Just her best dress for that winter and goodness knew how many more. She wrapped a long, dark shawl around the shimmering folds of her wedding dress.

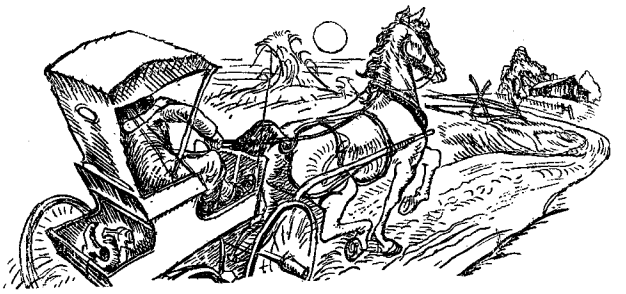
It was hard to leave home — harder than she'd thought. To tell all her own dear, dear folks good-by — to think how she'd miss the boys — to feel Ma's kisses warm against her cheek — to loosen sister Minnie's tightly clinging arms — to hear Pa's husky whisper, "God bless and keep you, Barbry."

The guests came streaming out to see them off. Rice hurtled through the air like sleet. Lodie Green threw a pair of old shoes into the buggy as Firefly stepped out briskly. The old dishpan that Bill and Jimmie had tied on behind the buggy made a merry clatter.

Through the cool, dark night they were going home — she and Con together. His arm around her waist, her head pillowed on his shoulder. No words — the silence was too sweet.

From the little cottage snuggled under the trees, a welcoming gleam shone out. "See that?" asked Con. "You told me once you always liked to see a light when you came home. Well, Miz' Con Mulligan, we're home now."

She drew his dear face down to hers and kissed it.



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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Wins Essay Contest

"*Josephine Roche, Coal Operator*" (*see page 103*), *by Marian J. Castle, is the winning essay in the contest sponsored by* The Forum *among the students and former students of journalism at the University of Denver, the University of Colorado, and the Colorado State Teachers' College for the best sketch of the personality and career of Miss Josephine Roche. Mrs. Castle studied journalism at the University of Denver in 1926.*

The Last Word

Herewith the letter on The Forum's *spinster articles to end all letters on* The Forum's *spinster articles.*

I . . . have often borne with tolerant fortitude the autobiographical wailings of some of your contributors. . . . But that last idiocy perpetrated by "Renascence at Forty" still draws venom from my being.

It is akin to the confessional of the poor advertising man who was an habitual drunkard yet could not stop drinking until he paid a psychiatrist to delve into his subconscious to find out *why* he drank. . . . And the harassed spinster who dripped invective and indicted the world of children because of a few horror stories that made the front page and because a naughty little boy jumped up behind her and said "Boo!" And the young wife with the problem to have or not to have children. Who cares, madam? Have a dozen if you like. And the bride in the ecstasies of the first year confessing all over eight pages. And the disillusioned feminist.

Monstrosities without end. Reticence damned. For what? For nothing; nothing but the urge to find their words in print. Problems a million people have faced and solved without an audience and cheer leaders. . . .

But back to . . . "Renascence at Forty." . . .

The airy way the money problem is disposed of is reminiscent of the idealistic, untried wisdom of the high-school valedictorian. Intrinsically, it is nothing but paper and metal but in this crazy civilized world it is the medium of exchange, the breath of life, that's all. . . . It is an easy matter to keep one's nose in the stratosphere when there is a pay check due on the first, even with so insignificant a bank balance as forty dollars. But how about no dollars in the bank, all possibilities of a job canvassed and exhausted, the bills piling up, no turnips growing in the apartment-house cupboard, and a few dependents thrown in? Regardless of how rich one's experiences, how cultivated one's mind, how great one's capabilities, to be without money is a grim tragedy. . . .

"Money as such" is only for babies, imbeciles, and coin collectors. Money is existence plus. Granted the joy of a beautiful mind, a glamorous sunset, the perfume of flowers — all free; money is electric lights and telephone, heat, carfare and automobiles, theater tickets and concerts, soft carpets and avocados. . . .

"I don't believe in keeping money hoarded in savings banks or any other place, as money." You might convert it to applesauce and eat it in your old age. . . .

Of course it is too presumptuous to ask a perfect stranger, even an editor, to grant a personal favor. But, anyhow, can't you take the next forty-year-old confessor aside and quietly chloroform it? There is no embargo on living; it has been known to begin at the age of one.

Mrs. N. D. Jacobson

San Francisco, Calif.

The Nordic Theory

To the Editor:

In your article in the May issue entitled "Nazi Science and Ourselves" — an article with which I am in substantial agreement — it seems obvious that Mr. Langdon-Davies wishes his readers to class me with Mr. Madison Grant and Dr. Lothrop Stoddard as an advocate of the doctrine of Nordic superiority. This is quite misleading, since I have declaimed as stoutly as I could against this theory ever since Messrs. Grant and Stoddard constituted themselves its American sponsors. As I stated many years ago in a book I wrote entitled "The Fruit of the Family Tree," there was then no crucial evidence in its support. Since that time much additional evidence has been developed by students of anthropology, biology, and history as to the soundness of the position which I took at that time.

I have steadily maintained with the rapidly growing body of evidence that some individuals and social groups were superior to others in physique, intelligence, and character — . . . but the theory that any race is superior to any other — especially to all others, as the Nordic exponents maintain — has never received any support from me.

A. E. Wiggam

New York, N. Y.

The Veterans' Lobby

Further excerpts from letters on the June Editorial Foreword, "Patriotism before Profits."

H. W. Shearer, Commander Chagres Camp No. 1, unattached, of the United Spanish War Veterans; Balboa Heights, Canal Zone:

Every member has pledged himself not to buy or read your magazine.

Dan J. Foley; Toledo, Ohio:

The only way to combat The American Legion is a counter-organization which in point of numbers would make the un-American Legion look sick.

Colonel John Thomas Taylor, Vice Chairman National Legislative Committee of The American Legion; Washington, D. C.:

I regret your use of "to defeat a 'bonus' Congressman," because I am sure readers of The Forum will draw the inference that the legislation was "bonus legislation." The American Legion has taken no part whatever toward securing the immediate payment of the Adjusted Service Certificates. When this question was brought up at the Chicago convention it was unanimously rejected. It is unfortunate that the actual, constructive policy of The American Legion is not given publicity. The Legion stands as advocating compensation solely for war disabilities and deaths. It is proponent for hospitalization in federal hospitals for disabilities not service-incurred only when it is actually necessary and in cases where the veteran is unable to pay for care privately. The responsibility for the medical care of the civilian group is in the community; the responsibility for the care of the veteran is vested in the federal government. The Legion does not seek to place soldiers in a more elevated station than the honorable one they occupy. . . .

J. Theodore de Gork; Seattle, Wash.:

Your statement regarding the veterans' lobbying I disapprove, because the Constitution of the U. S. A. grants the veterans home, hospital, pension, cemetery, grave, casket, monument, and a U. S. flag, with taps thrown in. Therefore a veteran is the only citizen who is different from all others.

Anonymous; Boise, Ida.:

The editorial so completely expresses my views upon this sinister phase of our national life that I cannot refrain from commending your courage and true patriotism.

Harry Warmke; San Jose, Calif.:

It takes that rare quality commonly called guts to write that way.

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TOASTS

MARY BORDEN was born in Chicago, and, in spite of marriage to an Englishman and residence in London, she still has a strong feeling of belonging to America. Her early years in an ample, old farmhouse in Indiana left vivid impressions that have colored many of the books which made her famous.

IDA M. TARBELL created a tremendous stir with her *History of the Standard Oil Company* back in 1904. Since then, many other books have flowed from her versatile brain, and her fame as a lecturer has grown with the years.

SMEDLEY D. BUTLER was born in Philadelphia, of Quaker parents. His brilliant command of the Marines during the war brought him high honors, and his sensational clean-up of Philadelphia in a Prohibition-enforcement campaign was one of the highlights of the dry era.

JULIA HOUSTON RAILEY belongs to a distinguished southern family. She is a graduate of Bryn Mawr, and her literary activities embrace numerous magazine articles, a novel, and a play.

FELIX NOLAND made her first appearance in a national magazine in the February FORUM. All the time she can spare from her duties as housewife and mother is devoted to writing.

UPTON SINCLAIR is known all over the world both for his prolific output as a writer and his outspoken advocacy of social and economic reform.

A. S. MACLEOD was born in Canada but has lived in Honolulu since 1921. His water colors, etchings, and especially his lithographs of Island scenes have won him high honors.

WILLIAM M. BARBER hails from Ohio. In 1916, driving an ambulance for the French, he was severely wounded at Verdun. Now he is a travel expert, and his particular interest is Soviet Russia.

CHARLES S. PETERSON is head of a large printing house in Chicago and Vice President of A Century of Progress. He organized, five years ago, the steering committee of the exposition.

LUCILE GREBENC admits that, while she leans to artistic pursuits, it is her work as a scientific research expert that pays the butcher and baker.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN will be Pierce Professor of English at Bowdoin College next year.

A LAYMAN, the author of "Unnecessary Operations," is a Harvard graduate of a skeptical turn of mind.

THOMAS H. MCINNERNEY is President of the National Dairy Products Corporation and a former member of the Industrial Advisory Board of the NRA.

STEWART PATON is a well-known psychiatrist and consultant in mental hygiene. His interest in human and inhuman behavior has led him to frequent authorship of books on psychiatry.

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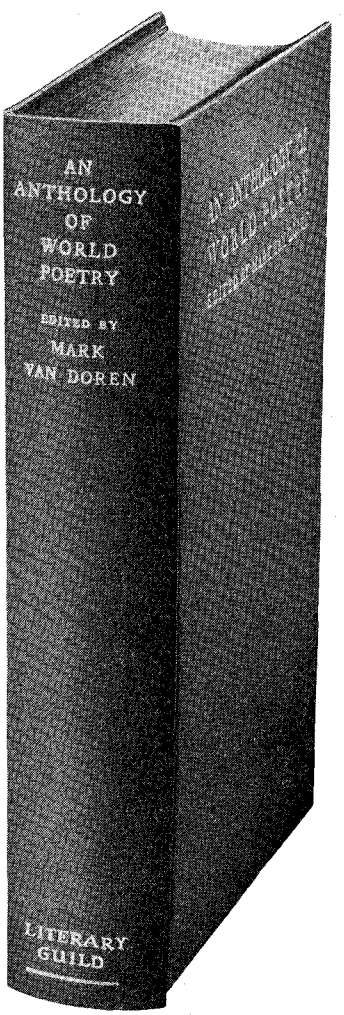

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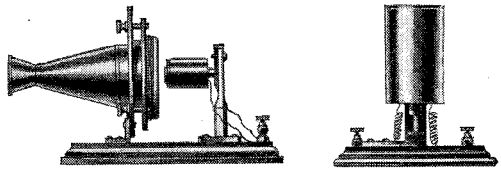

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THE
FORUM
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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

and later

THE WOMAN-ARTIST

Mary M. Colum

With this article Mary Colum resumes her series of essays on contemporary literature. Last year Hervey Allen said of her: "Mrs. Colum is doing, probably, the most brilliant pieces of criticism that are appearing."

THE MOVIE MUDDLE

Edward L. Israel

Much of the output of to-day's movie studios is drivel. But Mr. Israel, who cannot be accused of bias, since he once went on record in favor of the Patman Bill for movie censorship, does not approve the present movement for boycotts under religious auspices. Distrusting the churches in what he conceives to be an educational problem, he says, "If churches, by the compelling beauty of their worship, and their own intellectuality could raise up a generation which would gag at the average movie fare, current movies would go begging for lack of patronage."

IS FASCISM COLLAPSING?

Robert Briffault

In spite of the extravagant claims of its leading exponents, close observation of desperate economic conditions behind the scenes is the basis for Dr. Briffault's belief that fascism may be even now approaching a precipitous decline. The author is at present in Vienna.

THE SEX TRAP

Albert B. Shield

Society lays a potential trap for every one of its members, claims Mr. Shield. Because it encourages social taboos and promotes civil regulations running arbitrarily counter to one of nature's most powerful forces — the sex drive — it spreads a deadly net, physiological and psychological, for the ignorant, the unfortunate, the unwary. Some of us escape it. Others do not, and their misfortune is revealed in statistics of juvenile delinquency, unmarried mothers, prostitution, venereal disease, and our swollen divorce courts.

HENRY PRATHER FLETCHER

George Marvin

If the approaching elections and the more remote presidential contest were a series of football games, the Republican team should be congratulated on its acquisition of an excellent coach in the person of its new national chairman. The writer's shrewd and delightfully humorous sketch of Henry P. Fletcher is based on twenty-seven years of direct association.

YOGA

Claude Bragdon

The chasm which yawns between Western and Eastern modes of thought and action is responsible for much of the misunderstanding of this ancient spiritual science. Mr. Bragdon in this article presents a simple and intensely practical explanation of Yoga.

THE CANADIAN QUINTUPLETS

Lucile Grebenc

When, on the birth of quintuplets, the father moaned "A man like me ought to be put in prison," he was claiming responsibility, Miss Grebenc asserts, for what actually constitutes an extraordinary accident in human reproduction.

OTHER FEATURES

"Stop, Look, and Listen!" a solution for the grade-crossing problem, by Russell H. Peters; "The Rules of the Game," in which Ernest Seeman pokes a pointed kind of fun at some American peculiarities.

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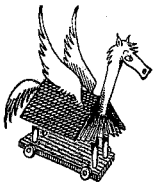
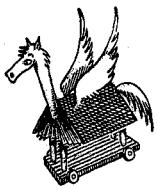


THE BOOK PARADE

BY EDITH H. WALTON



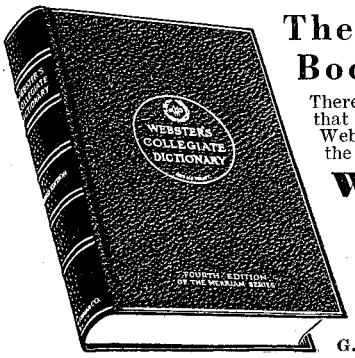
HITLER OVER EUROPE, by Ernst Henri (Simon & Schuster, $1.90). Whether one believes it implicitly or not, this driving, dogmatic book is more disturbing than the recent headlines, more terrifying than any previous analysis of modern Germany. Hitler, says Mr. Henri, can be explained only in terms of Fritz Thyssen, the great industrialist of the Ruhr, whose front and puppet he is. The dynamic ruler of the Ruhr imperiously calls for German expansion, and Nazi policy, whether the middle classes guess it or not, is wholly directed toward that end. For this reason (that capitalism may thrive) German labor is being crushed, starved, and enslaved; for this reason Rosenberg's Brown International is directing the formation of Nazi parties in all the countries of Europe vital to German hegemony, and Goering, the fanatic, is maturing plans for an air force powerful enough to bring swift destruction to France. One may feel that Mr. Henri exaggerates the rôle of Thyssen; one may allow for his communist bias; one may question his estimate of Germany's potential military strength. The fact remains, however, that the events of June and July have largely confirmed his analysis. He relies heavily on very concrete evidence, and to dismiss his book as a scare story would hardly be wise.

PROPERTY OR PEACE, by Henry Noel Brailsford (Covici, Friede, $3.00). It is Mr. Brailsford's thesis that property is an insuperable obstacle to both internal and international order, that under capitalism neither planning nor world peace is possible. His remedy is socialism of a more determined and dynamic brand than that of Mr. MacDonald, and he believes that property can be overthrown in England by parliamentary means. As far as destructive criticism is concerned, Mr. Brailsford is admirable. He writes with wit and authority, and his ironic analysis of the workings of British democracy, his demonstration of why the League of Nations does not and cannot work, his description of the processes of British imperialism are so brilliant that they could scarcely be bettered. His solution, however, is another matter. Elaborately as he works out his plans for an aggressive and rejuvenated Labor Party, one simply does not believe that British capitalism would acquiesce in its own peaceful overthrow. Liberalism and Marxism are at odds in Mr. Brailsford's philosophy, and he sounds as if he wished to have his cake and eat it.

A CONQUEST OF TIBET, by Sven Hedin (Dutton, $5.00). There is an Arabian Nights quality about this tale of difficult and perilous adventure in remote Asia. Around the turn of the century the famous Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin, made two expeditions into Tibet. On the first he attempted, in disguise, to reach the sacred city of Lhasa, at that time jealously guarded from the foreigner. The second trip brought him to the monastic city of the Tashi Lama, by whom he was entertained, introduced him to tracts of territory uncharted by Europeans, acquainted him with the life of the great monasteries, of the nomads, of the mountain villagers. He was, at various times, attacked by robbers and exposed cruelly to the dangers of the wilderness, but he continued his geographical exploration with a courage and calm at which one can only marvel. An exciting and colorful tale, almost incredible to quiet stay-at-homes.

AMERICAN SONG, by Paul Engle (Doubleday, Doran, $1.75). A young poet, very conscious of the American dream, Paul Engle issues a powerful if rather nebulous challenge to the defeatists. He is in love with America's past and her place-names; he is ardently hopeful of America's future. His long, swinging rhythms, somewhat reminiscent of Whitman, have vigor and often beauty, and certain isolated poems — such as *America Remembers* — are admirable. Mr. Engle is immature, but his work has tang and substance and will be popular.

BEALE STREET, by George W. Lee (Ballou, $2.50). Celebrated by W. C. Handy in one of his most haunting blues, Beale Street is the famous Negro thoroughfare which runs from the Mississippi River straight through the heart of Memphis. In this evocation of its history, atmosphere, and legends, Mr. Lee, himself a Negro, describes nostalgically the old, glamorous days on Beale Street, when the gambling



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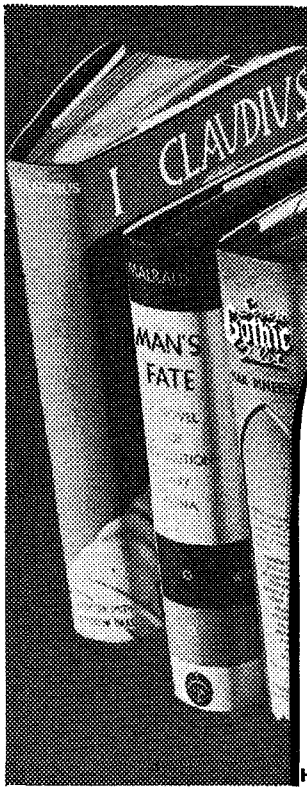
THE BOOK PARADE

houses and dance halls were wide open, when roustabouts sang on the wharves, when the new jazz songs and the new unseemly dances were enlivening the haunts of Beale Street's underworld. It was in Memphis, home of so many early bandmasters and orchestra leaders, that the blues really began, and the raw, colorful life of Beale Street furnished the inspiration for many of Handy's songs. Mr. Lee is intolerably dull when he comes to enumerate the educational and business achievements of modern Beale Street, but the other, the anecdotal sections of his rather chaotic book are so good that one can afford to overlook his lapses.

THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN AMERICA, by E. M. Delafield (Harper, $2.50). Mindful of the manners appropriate to a guest, Miss Delafield has, in her own words, too often let candor give way to civility. Her diary of her American lecture trip is less barbed, less amusingly malicious than one had hoped and consequently less captivating than the earlier adventures of the Provincial Lady. It is, however, pretty diverting reading, spiced throughout with Miss Delafield's characteristic and peculiarly feminine wit. She has put her finger on plenty of our foibles.

FRIENDS AND ROMANS, by Virginia Faulkner (Simon & Schuster, $2.00). Very light, very amusing, and a touch naughty, this novel would be a credit to any beginner. How much more so when the author happens to be only twenty-one! It is the story of a famous American pianist, Maria Manfred, whose flamboyant career has just been perpetuated by one of her lovers in a book called *Gaudy Calliope*. Having hired a villa near Rome for purposes of relaxation, Maria promptly falls in love with one of Mussolini's leading henchmen — a man with a Napoleon complex and a low opinion of women. Her misadventures are numerous and always funny, her circle of friends *outré*, outrageous, and witty. *Friends and Romans* is sophisticated fooling of a high order.

EUROPE BETWEEN WARS, by Hamilton Fish Armstrong (Macmillan, $1.75). Crisp and concise, this excellent little book by the Editor of *Foreign Affairs* summarizes the existing state of tension in Europe. It would seem, he says, that the world has been merely passing through an interim of peace since 1918 — and relative peace at that. Old wounds are festering, and Germany patently supplies the clue to the future. Even if war itself does not come, the nations are torn with internal dissension and the menace of dictatorship already darkens the world scene. Mr. Armstrong's book is obviously not an exhaustive study, but it is particularly revealing concerning the Austrian situa-



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If you are interested in this author's article appearing in the next issue of *The Forum*, entitled YOGA, you will want to read his books dealing with this subject entitled:

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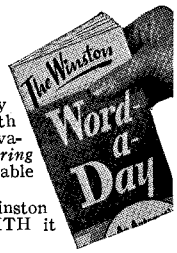

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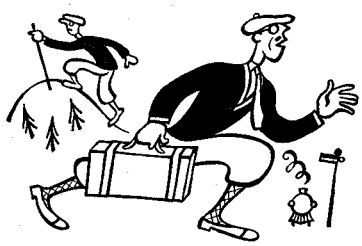

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THE BOOK PARADE

tion and French policy and should be useful to anyone who wishes to read the newspapers intelligently.

THE SECOND HOUSE FROM THE CORNER, by Max Miller (Dutton, $2.50). Informal, anecdotal, simply written — like his previous ventures into autobiography — this is the book of Max Miller, householder. He marries, he builds, and lo! he is transformed from a vagrant reporter into a (fairly) substantial citizen. Descriptions of neighbors and of life round the cove near his house, plus some mildly ironic philosophy, are the main ingredients of a pleasant, rather wistful little volume, pungent in spots but nothing like so memorable as *I Cover the Waterfront.*

ALEXANDER THE CORRECTOR, by Edith Olivier (Viking, $2.50). Cruden's Concordance to the Bible has achieved a sure immortality, but its author, Alexander Cruden, has had to wait till now for a biographer. He was, it seems, an eighteenth-century Scotsman — a strange, eccentric, obstinate little man, charming in his own fashion and more than a little mad. Most of his days were spent in London, where he read proof for a living and compiled, lovingly, his great Concordance. In later life he cherished the desire to become official corrector of the public's morals, bestowing upon himself the odd title of which Miss Olivier has made use. Cruden's experiences in private madhouses — where he was several times confined through the malice of friends — his preposterous love affairs, his lawsuits and crusades make up a story which is both fantastic and enchanting. Miss Olivier's little biography is as witty, polished, and distinguished as her novels and preserves perfectly the spirit of a century to which her talents are akin.

FIRST AND LAST, by Ring Lardner (Scribner, $2.50). Edited by Gilbert Seldes, this is an excellent collection of Lardner nonfiction rescued from the oblivion of magazine and newspaper files. The whole volume is finely characteristic and includes, among much else, a number of Lardner's sport pieces, the series of articles on radio which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, and various goofy playlets plainly satirical in intent.

MATADOR, by Margaret Steen (Little, Brown, $2.50). A highly colored and distinctly exciting story of modern Granada, *Matador* recounts the waning fortunes of Don José Díaz Marquez, who in his younger days had been known throughout Spain as the famous bullfighter, El Bailarín. Obsessed with a desire to perpetuate his renown, Don José expected that at least one of his three sons would equal his exploits. In different fashions,

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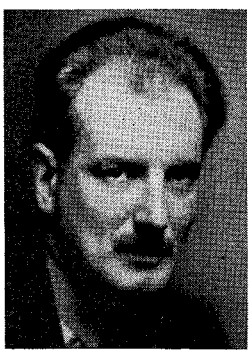

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however, all of them failed him, and in later life — saddened but wise at last — he was left with no companion but the saintly young girl whose fate had been so strangely linked with his own. The book is more realistic than one might expect, considering its many theatrical episodes, and Miss Steen's descriptions of life in and about Granada have a marked air of authenticity.

SUN ON THEIR SHOULDERS, by Elizabeth Eastman (Morrow, $2.50). The Finnish cranberry growers of Cape Cod are new material for fiction and, as handled simply and unpretentiously by Miss Eastman, very good material at that. Heikki Ranta, a first-generation settler absorbed by his passion for the beloved bogs which he has worked so hard to acquire, is betrayed by his three sons, who do not share his ardor for cranberry growing. Through their heedless treachery he loses his bogs and with them his motive for living. Miss Eastman emphasizes but does not overstress the conflict between the old generation which still clings to its native customs and the uncomprehending young people who are rapidly becoming Americanized. There is excellent local color in her novel and, what is better, good characterization.

YEARS ARE SO LONG, by Josephine Lawrence (Stokes, $2.50). A problem novel if ever there was one, *Years Are So Long* raises a question which has become cruelly immediate since the depression. Old Barkley Cooper had neglected to save because he believed that it was the duty of children to support their parents when the latter could no longer work. His five sons and daughters thought otherwise. Hard-pressed themselves, they resented the necessity of caring for their aging father and mother. The old people were separated, became unwanted, pathetically superfluous members of their children's households, never grasping the point of view which condemns dependence even on one's own children. Miss Lawrence states the case fairly and poignantly, but hers is too rigidly a thesis novel.

TO THE VANQUISHED, by I. A. R. Wylie (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Although Miss Wylie, in strict accordance with the headlines, pictures modern Germany as a land infested with hatred, horror, and persecution, her story of a girl of liberal sympathies who fell in love with a young Nazi leader is essentially a romanticization. It is the old Montagu-Capulet plot in contemporary guise, and the eventual happy ending is both too pat and too easily forseen. Miss Wylie writes, however, with smoothness, and her dramatization of the Nazi appeal to disinherited youth is convincing.

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The Heart Disease Paradox

In this country more cases of heart disease are being prevented each year—yet more deaths are charged to the heart than ever before.

DESPITE seeming contradiction, those are the facts. Better protection of children against diseases which are often followed by heart trouble means that fewer young hearts are being exposed to injury. Better treatment of hearts temporarily damaged by the "poisons" of acute infections often prevents such damage from becoming permanent. Better control of venereal and other diseases that damage hearts has been another important factor in reducing the deathrate from heart disease at all ages up to 45 years.

* * * * *

You can help to prevent heart disease in your home by having your children immunized against diphtheria and by protecting them, so far as possible, against other heart damaging diseases, such as sore throats, repeated colds, acute rheumatic fever, scarlet fever, measles and typhoid fever.

Should they have any of these diseases, see that your doctor's orders are strictly obeyed, so that injured hearts may not result. Especially follow his instructions as to how long the child is to be kept in bed. Rest is an important part of the treatment for "poisoned" hearts during and following any acute infection.

Annual health examinations offer a further opportunity to control heart disease. In middle-aged people heart disease frequently results from chronic or focal infections in teeth, tonsils, sinuses or in other parts of the body.

When advisable, your doctor may employ the fluoroscope and electrocardiograph to determine the condition of your heart. He can see whether or not it is showing the effects of wear and tear long before it actually breaks down. If necessary, your doctor will advise changes in habits of work and rest, food and drink, or the correction of impairments.

Far from being cause for alarm, the mounting deathrate from heart disease at the older ages is encouraging evidence that needless deaths in childhood, youth and middle age are being prevented. Many of the deaths of older people ascribed to heart disease are really due to heart failure—just the natural, peaceful ending of a long life.

* * * * *

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